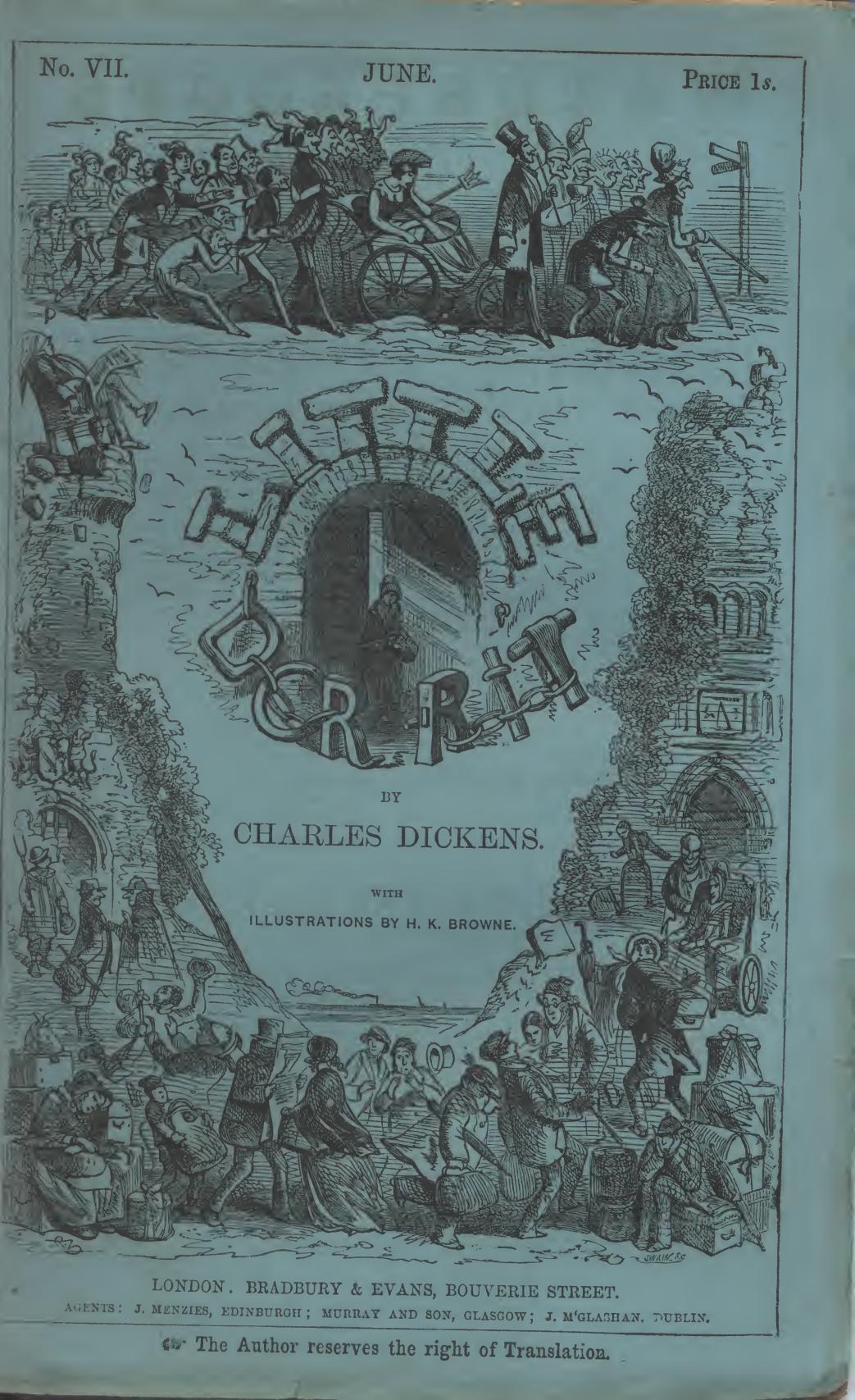


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For making superior **BARLEY WATER** in Fifteen minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

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The Caspiato packs in a box two inches deep; and this portability is obtained without interfering with the appearance of the Bonnet, which is made of all materials, and may be trimmed in the highest fashion: it is not more expensive, and surpasses all Bonnets for elegance, convenience, and lightness.



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AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS are the prevailing Diseases of the English climate, and the thousands who are now suffering from Asthma, Coughs, Incipient Consumption, and other Pulmonary Maladies, would at once be relieved, and by perseverance entirely cured, by adopting "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES," which are perfectly free from all deleterious ingredients, and during the fifty years of their uninterrupted celebrity, have never been known to fail.

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by a label.



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Is the hardest and most perfect White Metal ever invented: and  
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A Sample Tea Spoon forwarded on receipt of  
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	Fiddle Pattern.	Strongest Thread Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Table Spoons & Forks per doz.	12s. & 15s.	19s.	23s. 30s.
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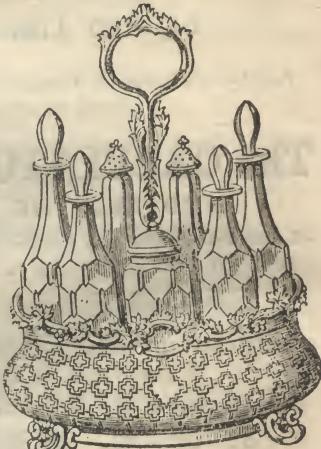
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	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread.	King's.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Forks, per dozen	1 10 0 — 2 0 0 ... 2 16 0 ... 3 4 0		
Dessert ditto	1 0 0 — 1 10 0 ... 2 0 0 ... 2 6 0		
Table Spoons	1 10 0 — 2 0 0 ... 2 18 0 ... 3 6 0		
Dessert ditto	1 0 0 — 1 10 0 ... 2 2 0 ... 2 7 6		
Tea Spoons	0 12 0 — 0 18 0 ... 1 5 6 ... 1 11 6		

ALSO EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE TABLE.

A Sample Tea Spoon forwarded on receipt of  
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HAS BEEN CELEBRATED FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS FOR QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS.

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ORDERS ABOVE £2 DELIVERED CARRIAGE FREE PER RAIL.

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HANDSOME BRONZED FENDERS, 10s. AND 12s. 6d. EACH.

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AS many Ladies who honour the **Messrs. JAY & Co.** with their patronage have expressed a desire to be supplied by them with **COLOURED MILLINERY, MANTLES, EMBROIDERIES, &c.** when the period for the use of Mourning Apparel shall have expired, they have been induced, at this suggestion, to meet the exigency by opening the above Establishment *opposite Hanover Chapel*.

**Messrs. JAY & Co.** supply a want which has long been acknowledged by Families, and provide every necessary appointment for a Lady on her Marriage in

## DRESSES, MILLINERY, LACE, MANTLES, FLOWERS, &c.

The speciality of this undertaking, it is respectfully intimated, ensures to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, greater advantages than can be offered elsewhere.

The latest Parisian Fashions in **MILLINERY, &c.**, are continually applied through Continental Agents.

A Saloon is exclusively set apart for **LINGERIE**, in which Ladies are waited upon by experienced *Artistes*; and Families about to proceed to India or the Colonies will find every requisite for the most approved outfits, and at moderate charges.

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Prescribed with complete confidence and the greatest success by the Faculty for its purity, speedy and uniform efficacy, entire freedom from nauseous flavour, and marked superiority over every other variety in the treatment of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Diabetes, Diseases of the Skin, Neuralgia, Rickets, Infantile Wasting, General Debility, and all Scrofulous Affections.

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" Some of the deficiencies of the Pale Oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its filtration through charcoal. In the preference of the Light-Brown over the Pale Oil we fully concur. We have carefully tested a specimen of Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil. We find it to be genuine, and rich in iodine and the elements of bile."

## THE MEDICAL CIRCULAR.

" Much of the Pale Oil sold in the market is found to be nothing more than Skate Oil,—a fact which will account for the failures which have so frequently attended the use of the so-called Cod Liver Oil. The utmost reliance may be placed on the experimental researches of Dr. De Jongh, who is one of the most eminent of European chemists. Our own experience practically confirms his judgment, and we unhesitatingly recommend Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Oil as the best for medical purposes, and well deserving the confidence of the profession."

Sold by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON, Dr. De Jongh's sole British Consignees; and by many respectable Chemists throughout the United Kingdom.

Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 9d.; Quarts (40 ounces), 9s. **Imperial Measure.**

**CAUTION.**—Each bottle is sealed with a stamped metallic capsule, and bears beneath the pink outside wrapper a label with Dr. De Jongh's Stamp and Signature. **ALL OILS OFFERED AS DR. DE JONGH'S, OR AS OF THE SAME KIND, WITHOUT SUCH MARKS, ARE FRAUDULENT IMPOSITIONS.**

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" No man has given so much attention to the analysis of Cod Liver Oil as Dr. De Jongh. He has now undertaken himself to ensure a constant supply of the most powerful and genuine Cod Liver Oil for medicinal purposes. Such an undertaking appears on the face of it to have a strong claim on the encouragement of the profession, who are certainly much interested in obtaining a purer article than those which are now so marvellously cheap in the market."

## THE DUBLIN MEDICAL PRESS.

" Whatever scepticism may exist respecting the medicinal virtues of this remedy, no doubt can reasonably be entertained that Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil possesses them; and this it is of importance to establish at a time when much impure and adulterated Oil is offered for sale, and freely accepted by practitioners as sufficient for the purposes of routine practice. It is well that practitioners should be enabled to secure for patients some genuine kind upon which they can place firm reliance, in cases demanding all the advantages which this agent can afford."

LONDON, Dr. De Jongh's sole British Consignees;

## PARASOLS.

### W. & J. SANGSTER



140, REGENT STREET;  
94, FLEET STREET;

10, ROYAL EXCHANGE;  
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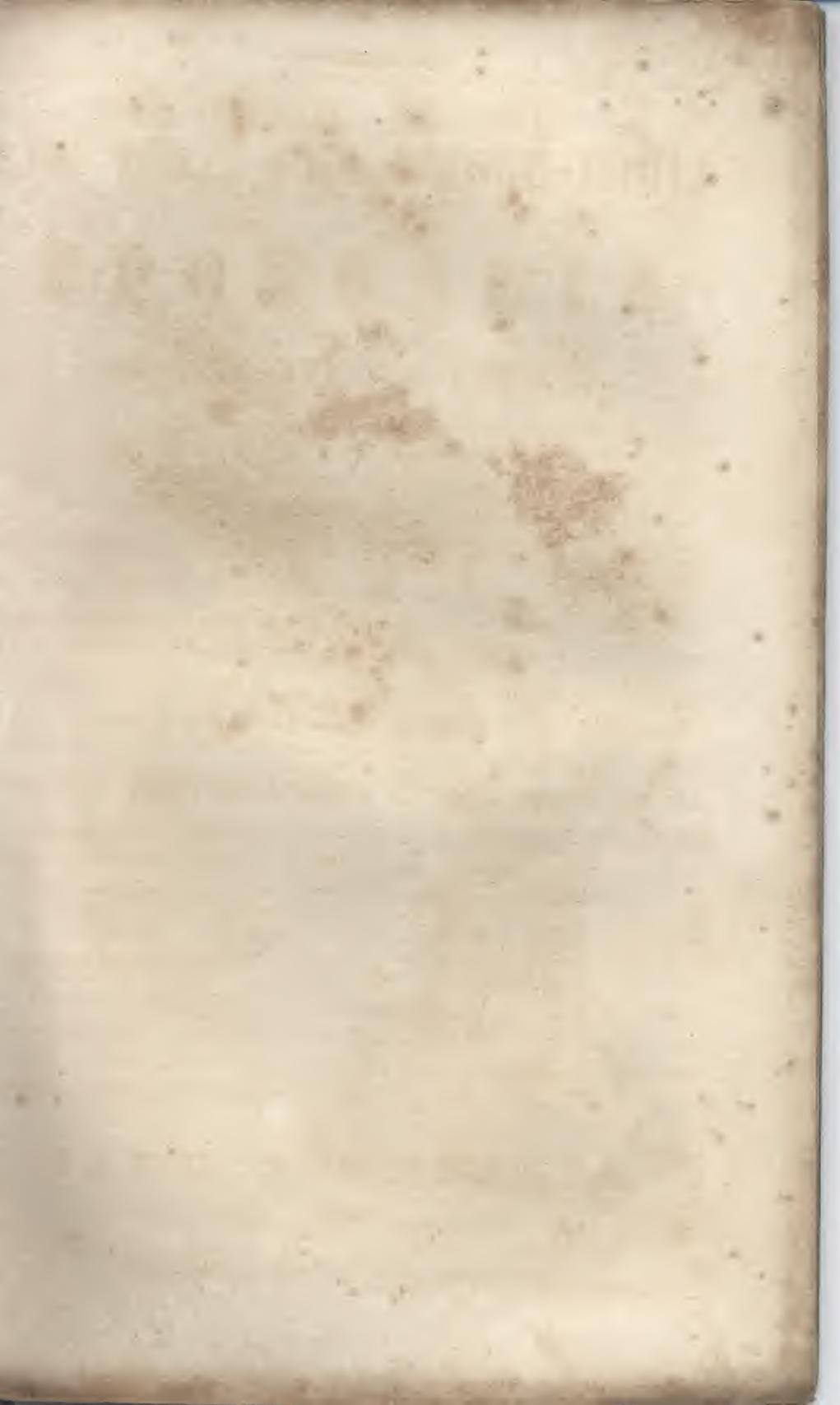
BEG respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry that they are prepared to offer to their notice, under the name of the PERSIAN, the most novel Parasol ever manufactured in this country, and for which they have just obtained Her Majesty's Letters Patent.

These Parasols are made of a peculiar silk fabric, without any seam whatever, and are ornamented with Oriental patterns in the richest colours, warranted fast.

The "Persian" will be found to be in every respect the most unique and elegant Parasol ever offered to the public.

They may be purchased wholesale of their sole Licensees, Messrs. MORLAND & SON, Eastcheap, and of the Patentees.

W. & J. S. beg to call attention to their SILK UMBRELLAS ON FOX'S PATENT PARAGON FRAMES, which they undertake to repair gratis, if necessary, when purchased at either of their Establishments.

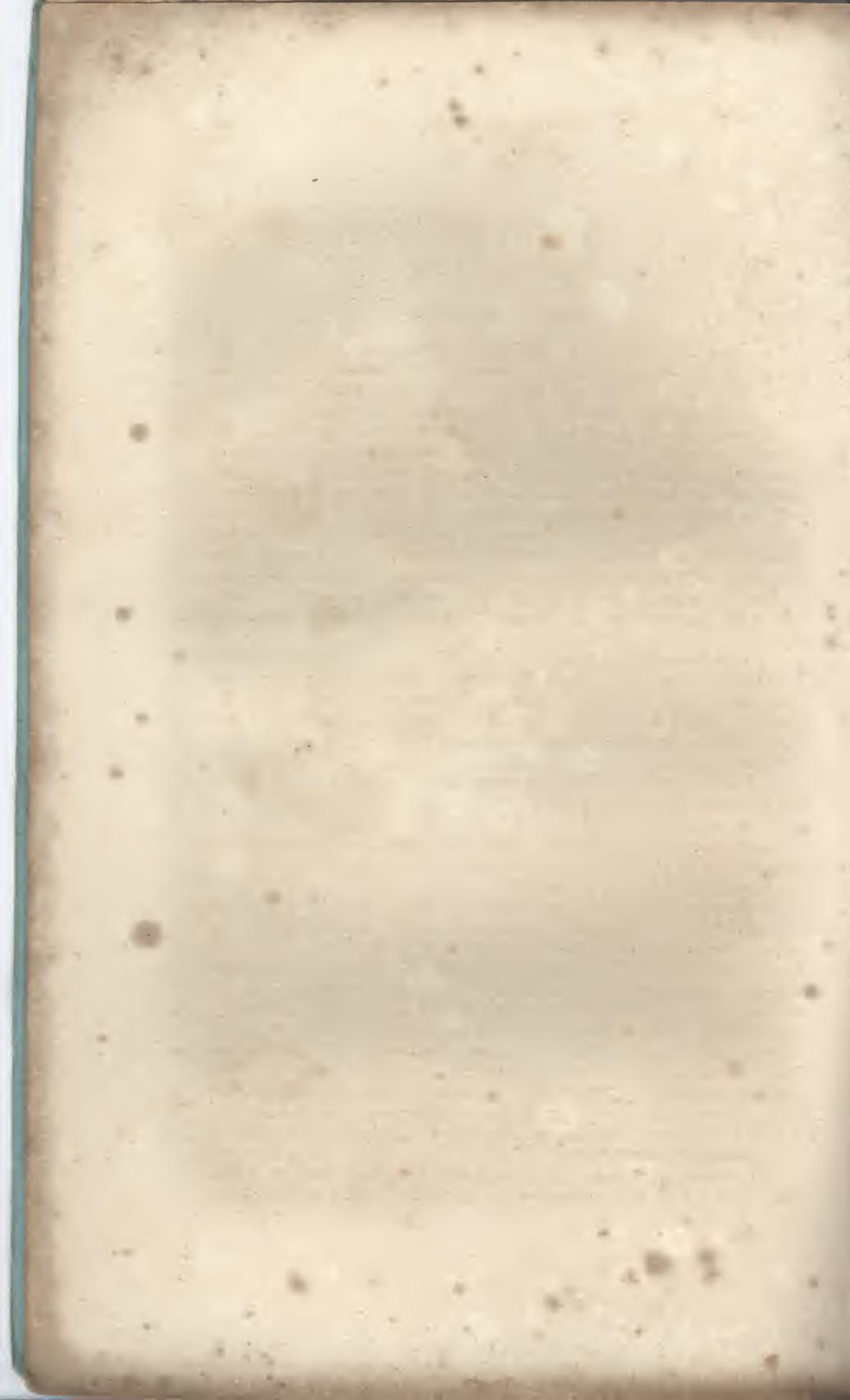




*The Story of the Princess*

*Yards at the Works*





## CHAPTER XXIII.

## MACHINERY IN MOTION.

MR. MEAGLES bestirred himself with such prompt activity in the matter of the negotiation with Daniel Doyce which Clennam had entrusted to him, that he soon brought it into business train, and called on Clennam at nine o'clock one morning to make his report.

"Doyce is highly gratified by your good opinion," he opened the business by saying, "and desires nothing so much as that you should examine the affairs of the Works for yourself, and entirely understand them. He has handed me the keys of all his books and papers—here they are jingling in this pocket—and the only charge he has given me is, 'let Mr. Clennam have the means of putting himself on a perfect equality with me as to knowing whatever I know. If it should come to nothing after all, he will respect my confidence. Unless I was sure of that to begin with, I should have nothing to do with him.' And there, you see," said Mr. Meagles, "you have Daniel Doyce all over."

"A very honorable character."

"Oh yes, to be sure. Not a doubt of it. Odd, but very honorable. Very odd though. Now, would you believe, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, with a hearty enjoyment of his friend's eccentricity, "that I had a whole morning in What's-his-name Yard——"

"Bleeding Heart?"

"A whole morning in Bleeding Heart Yard, before I could induce him to pursue the subject at all?"

"How was that?"

"How was that, my friend? I no sooner mentioned your name in connection with it, than he declared off."

"Declared off, on my account?"

"I no sooner mentioned your name, Clennam, than he said 'that will never do!' What did he mean by that? I asked him. No matter, Meagles; that would never do. Why would it never do? You'll hardly believe it, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, laughing within himself, "but it came out that it would never do, because you and he, walking down to Twickenham together, had glided into a friendly-conversation, in the course of which he had referred to his intention of taking a partner, supposing at the time that you were as firmly and finally settled as Saint Paul's Cathedral. 'Whereas,' says he, 'Mr. Clennam might now believe, if I entertained his proposition, that I had a sinister and designing motive in what was open free speech. Which I can't bear,' says he, 'which I really am too proud to bear.'"

"I should as soon suspect——"

"Of course you would," interrupted Mr. Meagles, "and so I told him. But it took a morning to scale that wall; and I doubt if any

other man than myself (he likes me of old), could have got his leg over it. Well, Clennam. This business-like obstacle surmounted, he then stipulated that before resuming with you I should look over the books, and form my own opinion. I looked over the books, and formed my own opinion. 'Is it, on the whole, for, or against?' says he. 'For,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'you may now, my good friend, give Mr. Clennam the means of forming his opinion. To enable him to do which, without bias and with perfect freedom, I shall go out of town for a week.' And he's gone," said Mr. Meagles; "that's the rich conclusion of the thing."

"Leaving me," said Clennam, "with a high sense, I must say, of his candor and his——"

"Oddity," Mr. Meagles struck in. "I should think so!"

It was not exactly the word on Clennam's lips, but he forbore to interrupt his good-humoured friend.

"And now," added Mr. Meagles, "you can begin to look into matters as soon as you think proper. I have undertaken to explain where you may want explanation, but to be strictly impartial, and to do nothing more."

They began their perquisitions in Bleeding Heart Yard that same forenoon. Little peculiarities were easily to be detected by experienced eyes in Mr. Doyce's way of managing his affairs, but they almost always involved some ingenious simplification of a difficulty, and some plain road to the desired end. That his papers were in arrear, and that he stood in need of assistance to develop the capacity of his business, was clear enough; but all the results of his undertakings during many years were distinctly set forth, and were ascertainable with ease. Nothing had been done for the purposes of the pending investigation; everything was in its genuine working dress, and in a certain honest rugged order. The calculations and entries, in his own hand, of which there were many, were bluntly written, and with no very neat precision; but were always plain, and directed straight to the purpose. It occurred to Arthur that a far more elaborate and taking show of business—such as the records of the Circumlocution Office made perhaps—might be far less serviceable, as being meant to be far less intelligible.

Three or four days of steady application rendered him master of all the facts it was essential to become acquainted with. Mr. Meagles was at hand the whole time, always ready to illuminate any dim place with the bright little safety-lamp belonging to the scales and scoop. Between them, they agreed upon the sum it would be fair to offer for the purchase of a half share in the business, and then Mr. Meagles unsealed a paper in which Daniel Doyce had noted the amount at which he valued it; which was even something less. Thus, when Daniel came back, he found the affair as good as concluded.

"And I may now avow, Mr. Clennam," said he, with a cordial shake of the hand, "that if I had looked high and low for a partner, I believe I could not have found one more to my mind."

"I say the same," said Clennam.

"And I say of both of you," added Mr. Meagles, "that you are well matched. You keep him in check, Clennam, with your common sense, and you stick to the Works, Dan, with your——"

"Uncommon sense?" suggested Daniel, with his quiet smile.  
"You may call it so, if you like—and each of you will be a right hand to the other. Here's my own right hand upon it, as a practical man, to both of you."

The purchase was completed within a month. It left Arthur in possession of private personal means not exceeding a few hundred pounds; but it opened to him an active and promising career. The three friends dined together on the auspicious occasion; the factory and the factory wives and children made holiday and dined too; even Bleeding Heart Yard dined and was full of meat. Two months had barely gone by in all, when Bleeding Heart Yard had become so familiar with short-commons again that the treat was forgotten there; when nothing seemed new in the partnership but the paint of the inscription on the door-posts, *DOYCE AND CLENNAM*; when it appeared even to Clennam himself, that he had had the affairs of the firm in his mind for years.

The little counting-house reserved for his own occupation, was a room of wood and glass at the end of a long low workshop, filled with benches, and vices, and tools, and straps, and wheels; which, when they were in gear with the steam engine, went tearing round as though they had a suicidal mission to grind the business to dust and tear the factory to pieces. A communication of great trapdoors in the floor and roof with the workshop above and the workshop below, made a shaft of light in this perspective, which brought to Clennam's mind the child's old picture-book, where similar rays were the witnesses of Abel's murder. The noises were sufficiently removed and shut out from the counting-house to blend into a busy hum, interspersed with periodical clinks and thumps. The patient figures at work were swarthy with the filings of iron and steel that danced on every bench and bubbled up through every chink in the planking. The workshop was arrived at by a step-ladder from the outer yard below, where it served as a shelter for the large grindstone where tools were sharpened. The whole had at once a fanciful and practical air in Clennam's eyes which was a welcome change; and, as often as he raised them from his first work of getting the array of business documents into perfect order, he glanced at these things with a feeling of pleasure in his pursuit that was new to him.

Raising his eyes thus one day, he was surprised to see a bonnet laboring up the step-ladder. The unusual apparition was followed by another bonnet. He then perceived that the first bonnet was on the head of Mr. F's Aunt, and that the second bonnet was on the head of Flora, who seemed to have propelled her legacy up the steep ascent with considerable difficulty.

Though not altogether enraptured at the sight of these visitors, Clennam lost no time in opening the counting-house door, and extricating them from the workshop; a rescue which was rendered the more necessary by Mr. F's Aunt already stumbling over some impediment, and menacing steam-power as an Institution with a stony reticule she carried.

"Good gracious, Arthur,—I should say Mr. Clennam, far more proper—the climb we have had to get up here and how ever to get

down again without a fire-escape and Mr. F's Aunt slipping through the steps and bruised all over and you in the machinery and foundry way too only think, and never told us!"

Thus Flora, out of breath. Meanwhile, Mr. F's Aunt rubbed her esteemed insteps with her umbrella, and vindictively glared.

"Most unkind never to have come back to see us since that day, though naturally it was not to be expected that there should be any attraction at *our* house and you were much more pleasantly engaged, that's pretty certain, and is she fair or dark blue eyes or black I wonder, not that I expect that she should be anything but a perfect contrast to me in all particulars for I am a disappointment as I very well know and you are quite right to be devoted no doubt though what I am saying Arthur never mind I hardly know myself Good gracious!"

By this time he had placed chairs for them in the counting-house. As Flora dropped into hers, she bestowed the old look upon him.

"And to think of Doyce and Clennam, and who Doyce can be," said Flora; "delightful man no doubt and married perhaps or perhaps a daughter, now has he really? then one understands the partnership and sees it all, don't tell me anything about it for I know I have no claim to ask the question the golden chain that once was forged, being snapped and very proper."

Flora put her hand tenderly on his, and gave him another of the youthful glances.

"Dear Arthur—force of habit, Mr. Clennam every way more delicate and adapted to existing circumstances—I must beg to be excused for taking the liberty of this intrusion but I thought I might so far presume upon old times for ever faded never more to bloom as to call with Mr. F's Aunt to congratulate and offer best wishes, A great deal superior to China not to be denied and much nearer though higher up!"

"I am very happy to see you," said Clennam, "and I thank you, Flora, very much for your kind remembrance."

"More than I can say myself at any rate," returned Flora, "for I might have been dead and buried twenty distinct times over and no doubt whatever should have been before you had genuinely remembered Me or anything like it in spite of which one last remark I wish to make, one last explanation I wish to offer——"

"My dear Mrs. Finching," Arthur remonstrated in alarm.

"Oh not that disagreeable name, say Flora!"

"Flora, is it worth troubling yourself afresh to enter into explanations? I assure you none are needed. I am satisfied—I am perfectly satisfied."

A diversion was occasioned here, by Mr. F's Aunt making the following inexorable and awful statement:

"There's mile-stones on the Dover road!"

With such mortal hostility towards the human race did she discharge this missile, that Clennam was quite at a loss how to defend himself; the rather as he had been already perplexed in his mind by the honor of a visit from this venerable lady, when it was plain she held him in the utmost abhorrence. He could not but

look at her with disconcertment, as she sat breathing bitterness and scorn, and staring leagues away. Flora, however, received the remark as if it had been of a most apposite and agreeable nature; approvingly observing aloud that Mr. F's Aunt had a great deal of spirit. Stimulated either by this compliment, or by her burning indignation, that illustrious woman then added, "Let him meet it if he can!" And, with a rigid movement of her stony reticule (an appendage of great size, and of a fossil appearance), indicated that Clennam was the unfortunate person at whom the challenge was hurled.

"One last remark," resumed Flora, "I was going to say I wish to make one last explanation I wish to offer, Mr. F's Aunt and myself would not have intruded on business hours Mr. F having been in business and though the wine trade still business is equally business call it what you will and business habits are just the same as witness Mr. F himself who had his slippers always on the mat at ten minutes before six in the afternoon and his boots inside the fender at ten minutes before eight in the morning to the moment in all weathers light or dark—would not therefore have intruded without a motive which being kindly meant it may be hoped will be kindly taken Arthur, Mr. Clennam far more proper, even Doyce and Clennam probably more business-like."

"Pray say nothing in the way of apology," Arthur entreated. "You are always welcome."

"Very polite of you to say so Arthur—cannot remember Mr. Clennam until the word is out, such is the habit of times for ever fled and so true it is that oft in the still night ere slumber's chain has bound people fond memory brings the light of other days around people—very polite but more polite than true I am afraid, for to go into the machinery business without so much as sending a line or a card to papa—I don't say me though there was a time but that is past and stern reality has now my gracious never mind—does not look like it you must confess."

Even Flora's commas seemed to have fled on this occasion; she was so much more disjointed and voluble than in the preceding interview.

"Though indeed," she hurried on, "nothing else is to be expected and why should it be expected and if it's not to be expected why should it be and I am far from blaming you or any one, When your mama and my papa worried us to death and severed the golden bowl—I mean bond but I dare say you know what I mean and if you don't you don't lose much and care just as little I will venture to add—when they severed the golden bond that bound us and threw us into fits of crying on the sofa nearly choked at least myself everything was changed and in giving my hand to Mr. F I know I did so with my eyes open but he was so very unsettled and in such low spirits that he had distractedly alluded to the river if not oil of something from the chemist's and I did it for the best."

"My good Flora, we settled that before. It was all quite right."

"It's perfectly clear you think so," returned Flora, "for you take it very coolly, if I hadn't known it to be China I should have guessed myself the Polar regions, dear Mr. Clennam you are right however and

I cannot blame you but as to Doyce and Clennam papa's property being about here we heard it from Pancks and but for him we never should have heard one word about it I am satisfied."

"No no, don't say that."

"What nonsense not to say it Arthur—Doyce and Clennam—easier and less trying to me than Mr. Clennam—when I know it and you know it too and can't deny it."

"But I do deny it, Flora. I should soon have made you a friendly visit."

"Ah!" said Flora, tossing her head. "I dare say!" and she gave him another of the old looks. "However when Pancks told us I made up my mind that Mr. F's Aunt and I would come and call because when papa—which was before that—happened to mention her name to me and to say that you were interested in her I said at the moment Good gracious why not have her here then when there's anything to do instead of putting it out."

"When you say Her," observed Clennam, by this time pretty well bewildered, "do you mean Mr. F's—?"

"My goodness, Arthur—Doyce and Clennam really easier to me with old remembrances—who ever heard of Mr. F's Aunt doing needle-work and going out by the day!"

"Going out by the day! Do you speak of Little Dorrit?"

"Why yes of course," returned Flora; "and of all the strangest names I ever heard the strangest, like a place down in the country with a turnpike, or a favorite pony or a puppy or a bird or something from a seed-shop to be put in a garden or a flower-pot and come up speckled."

"Then, Flora," said Arthur, with a sudden interest in the conversation, "Mr. Casby was so kind as to mention Little Dorrit to you, was he? What did he say?"

"Oh you know what papa is," rejoined Flora, "and how aggravatingly he sits looking beautiful and turning his thumbs over and over one another till he makes one giddy if one keeps one's eyes upon him, he said when we were talking of you—I don't know who began the subject Arthur (Doyce and Clennam) but I am sure it wasn't me, at least I hope not but you really must excuse my confessing more on that point."

"Certainly," said Arthur. "By all means."

"You are very ready," pouted Flora, coming to a sudden stop in a captivating bashfulness, "that I must admit, Papa said you had spoken of her in an earnest way and I said what I have told you and that's all."

"That's all?" said Arthur, a little disappointed.

"Except that when Pancks told us of your having embarked in this business and with difficulty persuaded us that it was really you I said to Mr. F's Aunt then we would come and ask you if it would be agreeable to all parties that she should be engaged at our house when required for I know she often goes to your Mama's and I know that your Mama has a very touchy temper Arthur—Doyce and Clennam—or I never might have married Mr. F and might have been at this hour but I am running into nonsense."

"It was very kind of you, Flora, to think of this."

Poor Flora rejoined with a plain sincerity which became her better than her youngest glances, that she was glad he thought so. She said it with so much heart, that Clennam would have given a great deal to buy his old character of her on the spot, and throw it and the mermaid away for ever.

"I think, Flora," he said, "that the employment you can give Little Dorrit, and the kindness you can show her—"

"Yes and I will," said Flora, quickly.

"I am sure of it—will be a great assistance and support to her. I do not feel that I have the right to tell you what I know of her, for I acquired the knowledge confidentially, and under circumstances that bind me to silence. But I have an interest in the little creature, and a respect for her that I cannot express to you. Her life has been one of such trial and devotion, and such quiet goodness, as you can scarcely imagine. I can hardly think of her, far less speak of her without feeling moved. Let that feeling represent what I could tell you, and commit her to your friendliness with my thanks."

Once more he put out his hand frankly to poor Flora; once more poor Flora couldn't accept it frankly, found it worth nothing openly, must make the old intrigue and mystery of it. As much to her own enjoyment as to his dismay, she covered it with a corner of her shawl as she took it. Then, looking towards the glass front of the counting-house, and seeing two figures approaching, she cried with infinite relish, "Papa! Hush, Arthur, for Mercy's sake!" and tottered back to her chair with an amazing imitation of being in danger of swooning, in the dread surprise and maidenly flutter of her spirits.

The Patriarch meanwhile came inanely beaming towards the counting-house, in the wake of Pancks. Pancks opened the door for him, towed him in, and retired to his own moorings in a corner.

"I heard from Flora," said the Patriarch, with his benevolent smile, "that she was coming to call, coming to call. And being out, I thought I'd come also, thought I'd come also."

The benign wisdom he infused into this declaration (not of itself profound), by means of his blue eyes, his shining head, and his long white hair, was most impressive. It seemed worth putting down among the noblest sentiments enunciated by the best of men. Also, when he said to Clennam, seating himself in the proffered chair, "And you are in a new business, Mr. Clennam? I wish you well, sir, I wish you well!" he seemed to have done benevolent wonders.

"Mrs. Finching has been telling me, sir," said Arthur, after making his acknowledgments; the relict of the late Mr. F meanwhile protesting, with a gesture, against his use of that respectable name; "that she hopes occasionally to employ the young needlewoman you recommended to my mother. For which I have been thanking her."

The Patriarch turning his head in a lumbering way towards Pancks, that assistant put up the note-book in which he had been absorbed, and took him in tow.

"You didn't recommend her, you know," said Pancks; "how could you? You knew nothing about her, you didn't. The name was mentioned to you, and you passed it on. That's what *you* did."

"Well!" said Clennam. "As she justifies any recommendation, it is much the same thing."

"You are glad she turns out well," said Pancks, "but it wouldn't have been your fault if she had turned out ill. The credit's not yours as it is, and the blame wouldn't have been yours as it might have been. You gave no guarantee. You knew nothing about her."

"You are not acquainted, then," said Arthur, hazarding a random question, "with any of her family?"

"Acquainted with any of her family?" returned Pancks. "How should you be acquainted with any of her family? You never heard of 'em. You can't be acquainted with people you never heard of, can you? You should think not!"

All this time the Patriarch sat serenely smiling; nodding or shaking his head benevolently, as the case required.

"As to being a reference," said Pancks, "you know in a general way, what being a reference means. It's all your eye, that is! Look at your tenants down the Yard here. They'd all be references for one another, if you'd let 'em. What would be the good of letting 'em? It's no satisfaction to be done by two men instead of one. One's enough. A person who can't pay, get's another person who can't pay, to guarantee that he can pay. Like a person with two wooden legs, getting another person with two wooden legs, to guarantee that he has got two natural legs. It don't make either of them able to do a walking-match. And four wooden legs are more troublesome to you than two, when you don't want any." Mr. Pancks concluded by blowing off that steam of his.

A momentary silence that ensued was broken by Mr. F's Aunt, who had been sitting upright in a cataleptic state since her last public remark. She now underwent a violent twitch, calculated to produce a startling effect on the nerves of the uninitiated, and with the deadliest animosity observed:

"You can't make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it. You couldn't do it when your Uncle George was living; much less when he's dead."

Mr. Pancks was not slow to reply, with his usual calmness, "Indeed, ma'am? Bless my soul! I'm surprised to hear it." Despite his presence of mind, however, the speech of Mr. F's Aunt produced a depressing effect on the little assembly; firstly, because it was impossible to disguise that Clennam's unoffending head was the particular temple of reason depreciated, and secondly, because nobody ever knew on these occasions whose Uncle George was referred to, or what spectral presence might be invoked under that appellation.

Therefore Flora said, though still not without a certain boastfulness and triumph in her legacy, that Mr. F's Aunt was "very lively to-day, and she thought they had better go. But, Mr. F's Aunt proved so lively as to take the suggestion in unexpected dudgeon and declare that she would not go; adding, with several injurious expressions, that if "He"—too evidently meaning Clennam—wanted to get rid of her, "let him chuck her out of winder;" and urgently expressing her desire to see "Him" perform that ceremony.

In this dilemma, Mr. Pancks, whose resources appeared equal to any emergency in the Patriarchal waters, slipped on his hat, slipped out at the counting-house door, and slipped in again a moment afterwards with an artificial freshness upon him, as if he had been in the country for some weeks. "Why, bless my heart, ma'am!" said Mr. Pancks, rubbing up his hair in great astonishment, "is that you? How do you *do*, ma'am? You are looking charming to-day! I am delighted to see you. Favor me with your arm, ma'am; we'll have a little walk together, you and me, if you'll honor me with your company." And so escorted Mr. F's Aunt down the private staircase of the counting-house, with great gallantry and success. The patriarchal Mr. Casby then rose with the air of having done it himself, and blandly followed: leaving his daughter, as she followed in her turn, to remark to her former lover in a distracted whisper (which she very much enjoyed), that they had drained the cup of life to the dregs; and further to hint mysteriously that the late Mr. F. was at the bottom of it.

Alone again, Clennam became a prey to his old doubts in reference to his mother and Little Dorrit, and revolved the old thoughts and suspicions. They were all in his mind, blending themselves with the duties he was mechanically discharging, when a shadow on his papers caused him to look up for the cause. The cause was Mr. Pancks. With his hat thrown back upon his ears as if his wiry prongs of hair had darted up like springs and cast it off, with his jet-black beads of eyes inquisitively sharp, with the fingers of his right hand in his mouth that he might bite the nails, and with the fingers of his left hand in reserve in his pocket for another course, Mr. Pancks cast his shadow through the glass upon the books and papers.

Mr. Pancks asked, with a little inquiring twist of his head, if he might come in again? Clennam replied with a nod of his head in the affirmative. Mr. Pancks worked his way in, came alongside the desk, made himself fast by leaning his arms upon it, and started conversation with a puff and a snort.

"Mr. F's Aunt is appeased, I hope?" said Clennam.

"All right, sir," said Pancks.

"I am so unfortunate as to have awakened a strong animosity in the breast of that lady," said Clennam. "Do you know why?"

"Does *she* know why?" said Pancks.

"I suppose not."

"I suppose not," said Pancks.

He took out his note-book, opened it, shut it, dropped it into his hat, which was beside him on the desk, and looked in at it as it lay at the bottom of the hat: all with a great appearance of consideration.

"Mr. Clennam," he then began, "I am in want of information, sir."

"Connected with this firm?" asked Clennam.

"No," said Pancks.

"With what then, Mr. Pancks? That is to say, assuming that you want it of me?"

"Yes, sir; yes, I want it of you," said Pancks, "if I can persuade you to furnish it. A, B, C, D. DA, DE, DI, DO. Dictionary order. Dorrit. That's the name, sir."

Mr. Pancks blew off his peculiar noise again, and fell to at his

right-hand nails. Arthur looked searchingly at him; he returned the look.

“I don’t understand you, Mr. Pancks.”

“That’s the name that I want to know about.”

“And what do you want to know?”

“Whatever you can and will tell me.” This comprehensive summary of his desires was not discharged without some heavy laboring on the part of Mr. Pancks’s machinery.

“This is a singular visit, Mr. Pancks. It strikes me as rather extraordinary that you should come, with such an object, to me.”

“It may be all extraordinary together,” returned Pancks. “It may be out of the ordinary course, and yet be business. In short, it is business. I am a man of business. What business have I in this present world, except to stick to business? No business.”

With his former doubt whether this dry hard personage were quite in earnest, Clennam again turned his eyes attentively upon his face. It was as scrubby and dingy as ever, and as eager and quick as ever, and he could see nothing lurking in it that was at all expressive of a latent mockery that had seemed to strike upon his ear in the voice.

“Now,” said Pancks, “to put this business on its own footing, it’s not my proprietor’s.”

“Do you refer to Mr. Casby as your proprietor?”

Pancks nodded. “My proprietor. Put a case. Say, at my proprietor’s I hear name—name of young person Mr. Clennam wants to serve. Say, name first mentioned to my proprietor by Plornish in the Yard. Say, I go to Plornish. Say, I ask Plornish as a matter of business, for information. Say, Plornish, though six weeks in arrear to my proprietor, declines. Say, Mrs. Plornish declines. Say, both refer to Mr. Clennam. Put the case.”

“Well?”

“Well, sir,” returned Pancks, “say, I come to him. Say, here I am.”

With those prongs of hair sticking up all over his head, and his breath coming and going very hard and short, the busy Pancks fell back a step (in Tug metaphor, took half a turn astern) as if to show his dingy hull complete, then forged ahead again, and directed his quick glance by turns into his hat where his note-book was, and into Clennam’s face.

“Mr. Pancks, not to trespass on your ground of mystery, I will be as plain with you as I can. Let me ask two questions. First——”

“All right!” said Pancks, “holding up his dirty forefinger with its broken nail. “I see! ‘What’s your motive?’”

“Exactly.”

“Motive,” said Pancks, “good. Nothing to do with my proprietor; not stateable at present, ridiculous to state at present; but good. Desiring to serve young person, name of Dorrit,” said Pancks, with his forefinger still up as a caution. “Better admit motive to be good.”

“Secondly, and lastly, what do you want to know?”

Mr. Pancks fished up his note-book before the question was put, and buttoning it with care in an inner breast pocket, and looking straight at Clennam all the time, replied with a pause and a puff, “I want supplementary information of any sort.”

Cleannam could not withhold a smile, as the panting little steam tug, so useful to that unwieldy ship the *Casby*, waited on and watched him as if it were seeking an opportunity of running in and rifling him of all it wanted, before he could resist its manœuvres ; though there was that in Mr. Pancks's eagerness, too, which awakened many wondering speculations in his mind. After a little consideration, he resolved to supply Mr. Pancks with such leading information as it was in his power to impart to him ; well knowing that Mr. Pancks, if he failed in his present research, was pretty sure to find other means of getting it.

He, therefore, first requesting Mr. Pancks to remember his voluntary declaration that his proprietor had no part in the disclosure, and that his own intentions were good (two declarations which that coaly little gentleman with the greatest ardor repeated), openly told him that as to the Dorrit lineage or former place of habitation he had no information to communicate, and that his knowledge of the family did not extend beyond the fact that it appeared to be now reduced to five members ; namely, to two brothers, of whom one was single, and one a widower with three children. The ages of the whole family he made known to Mr. Pancks, as nearly as he could guess at them ; and finally he described to him the position of the Father of the Marshalsea, and the course of time and events through which he had become invested with that character. To all this, Mr. Pancks, snorting and blowing in a more and more portentous manner as he became more interested, listened with great attention ; appearing to derive the most agreeable sensations from the painfullest parts of the narrative, and particularly to be quite charmed by the account of William Dorrit's long imprisonment.

"In conclusion, Mr. Pancks," said Arthur, "I have but to say this. I have reasons beyond a personal regard, for speaking as little as I can of the Dorrit family, particularly at my mother's house" (Mr. Pancks nodded), "and for knowing as much as I can. So devoted a man of business as you are—eh?"

For, Mr. Pancks had suddenly made that blowing effort with unusual force.

"It's nothing," said Pancks.

"So devoted a man of business as yourself has a perfect understanding of a fair bargain. I wish to make a fair bargain with you, that you shall enlighten me concerning the Dorrit family, when you have it in your power, as I have enlightened you. It may not give you a very flattering idea of my business habits, that I failed to make my terms beforehand," continued Cleannam ; "but I prefer to make them a point of honor. I have seen so much business done on sharp principles that, to tell you the truth, Mr. Pancks, I am tired of them."

Mr. Pancks laughed. "It's a bargain, sir," said he. "You shall find me stick to it."

After that, he stood a little while looking at Cleannam, and biting his ten nails all round ; evidently while he fixed in his mind what he had been told, and went over it carefully before the means of supplying a gap in his memory should be no longer at hand. "It's

all right," he said at last, "and now I'll wish you good day, as it's collecting-day in the Yard. By-the-bye, though. A lame foreigner with a stick."

"Aye, aye. You do take a reference sometimes, I see?" said Clennam.

"When he can pay, sir," replied Pancks. "Take all you can get, and keep back all you can't be forced to give up. That's business. The lame foreigner with the stick wants a top room down the Yard. Is he good for it?"

"I am," said Clennam, "and I will answer for him."

"That's enough. What I must have of Bleeding Heart Yard," said Pancks, making a note of the case in his book, "is my bond. I want my bond, you see. Pay up, or produce your property! That's the watchword down the Yard. The lame foreigner with the stick represented that you sent him; but he could represent (as far as that goes) that the Great Mogul sent him. He has been in the Hospital, I believe?"

"Yes. Through having met with an accident. He is only just now discharged."

"It's pauperizing a man, sir, I have been shown, to let him into a Hospital?" said Pancks. And again blew off that remarkable sound.

"I have been shown so too," said Clennam, coldly.

Mr. Pancks, being by that time quite ready for a start, got under steam in a moment, and, without any other signal or ceremony, was snorting down the step-ladder and working into Bleeding Heart Yard, before he seemed to be well out of the counting-house.

Throughout the remainder of the day, Bleeding Heart Yard was in consternation, as the grim Pancks cruised in it; haranguing the inhabitants on their backslidings in respect of payment, demanding his bond, breathing notices to quit and executions, running down defaulters, sending a swell of terror on before him, and leaving it in his wake. Knots of people, impelled by a fatal attraction, lurked outside any house in which he was known to be, listening for fragments of his discourses to the inmates; and, when he was rumoured to be coming down the stairs, often could not disperse so quickly but that he would be prematurely in among them, demanding their own arrears, and rooting them to the spot. Throughout the remainder of the day, Mr. Pancks's What were they up to? and What did they mean by it? sounded all over the Yard. Mr. Pancks wouldn't hear of excuses, wouldn't hear of complaints, wouldn't hear of repairs, wouldn't hear of anything but unconditional money down. Perspiring and puffing and darting about in eccentric directions, and becoming hotter and dingier every moment, he lashed the tide of the Yard into a most agitated and turbid state. It had not settled down into calm water again, full two hours after he had been seen fuming away on the horizon at the top of the steps.

There were several small assemblages of the Bleeding Hearts at the popular points of meeting in the Yard that night, among whom it was universally agreed that Mr. Pancks was a hard man to have to do with; and that it was much to be regretted, so it was, that a gentleman like Mr. Casby should put his rents in his hands, and never know him in his true light. For (said the Bleeding Hearts), if a gentleman with that head of hair and them eyes took his rents into his own hands,

ma'am, there would be none of this worritting and wearing, and things would be very different.

At which identical evening hour and minute, the Patriarch—who had floated serenely through the Yard in the forenoon before the harrying began, with the express design of getting up this trustfulness in his shining bumps and silken locks—at which identical hour and minute, that first-rate humbug of a thousand guns was heavily floundering in the little Dock of his exhausted Tug at home, and was saying, as he turned his thumbs :

“A very bad day’s work, Pancks, very bad day’s work. It seems to me, sir, and I must insist on making the observation forcibly, in justice to myself, that you ought to have got much more money, much more money.”

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### FORTUNE-TELLING.

LITTLE DORRIT received a call that same evening from Mr. Plornish, who, having intimated that he wished to speak to her, privately, in a series of coughs so very noticeable as to favor the idea that her father, as regarded her seamstress occupation, was an illustration of the axiom that there are no such stone-blind men as those who will not see, obtained an audience with her on the common staircase outside the door.

“There’s been a lady at our place to-day, Miss Dorrit,” Plornish growled, “and another one along with her as is a old wixen if ever I met with such. The way she snapped a person’s head off, dear me!”

The mild Plornish was at first quite unable to get his mind away from Mr. F’s Aunt. “For,” said he, to excuse himself, “she is, I do assure you, the winegariest party!”

At length, by a great effort, he detached himself from the subject sufficiently to observe :

“But she’s neither here nor there just at present. The other lady, she’s Mr. Casby’s daughter; and if Mr. Casby an’t well off, none better, it an’t through any fault of Pancks. For, as to Pancks, he does, he really does, he does indeed!”

Mr. Plornish, after his usual manner, was a little obscure, but conscientiously emphatic.

“And what she come to our place for,” he pursued, “was to leave word that if Miss Dorrit would step up to that card—which it’s Mr. Casby’s house that is, and Pancks he has a office at the back, where he really does, beyond belief—she would be glad for to engage her. She was a old and a dear friend, she said particular, of Mr. Clennam, and hoped for to prove herself a useful friend to *his* friend. Them was her words. Wishing to know whether Miss Dorrit could come

to-morrow morning, I said I would see you, Miss, and inquire, and look round there to-night to say yes, or, if you was engaged to-morrow, when."

"I can go to-morrow, thank you," said Little Dorrit. "This is very kind of you, but you are always kind."

Mr. Plornish, with a modest disavowal of his merits, opened the room-door for her re-admission, and followed her in with such an exceedingly bald pretence of not having been out at all, that her father might have observed it without being very suspicious. In his affable unconsciousness, however, he took no heed. Plornish, after a little conversation, in which he blended his former duty as a Collegian with his present privilege as a humble outside friend, qualified again by his low estate as a plasterer, took his leave; making the tour of the prison before he left, and looking on at a game of skittles, with the mixed feelings of an old inhabitant who had his private reasons for believing that it might be his destiny to come back again.

Early in the morning, Little Dorrit, leaving Maggy in high domestic trust, set off for the Patriarchal tent. She went by the Iron Bridge, though it cost her a penny, and walked more slowly in that part of her journey than in any other. At five minutes before eight, her hand was on the Patriarchal knocker, which was quite as high as she could reach.

She gave Mrs. Finchings card to the young woman who opened the door, and the young woman told her that "Miss Flora"—Flora having, on her return to the parental roof, re-invested herself with the title under which she had lived there—was not yet out of her bedroom, but she was to please to walk up into Miss Flora's sitting-room. She walked up into Miss Flora's sitting-room, as in duty bound, and there found a breakfast-table comfortably laid for two, with a supplementary tray upon it laid for one. The young woman, disappearing for a few moments, returned to say that she was to please to take a chair by the fire, and to take off her bonnet and make herself at home. But Little Dorrit being bashful, and not used to make herself at home on such occasions, felt at a loss how to do it; so she was still sitting near the door with her bonnet on, when Flora came in in a hurry, half-an-hour afterwards.

Flora was so sorry to have kept her waiting, and good gracious why did she sit out there in the cold when she had expected to find her by the fire reading the paper, and hadn't that heedless girl given her the message then, and had she really been in her bonnet all this time, and pray for goodness sake let Flora take it off! Flora, taking it off in the best-natured manner in the world, was so struck by the face disclosed, that she said, "Why, what a good little thing you are, my dear!" and pressed the face between her hands like the gentlest of women.

It was the word and the action of a moment. Little Dorrit had hardly time to think how kind it was, when Flora dashed at the breakfast-table, full of business, and plunged over head and ears into loquacity.

"Really so sorry that I should happen to be late on this morning of all mornings because my intention and my wish was to be ready to meet you when you came in and to say that any one that interested Arthur Clennam half so much must interest me and that I gave you

the heartiest welcome and was so glad, instead of which they never called me and there I still am snoring I dare say if the truth was known and if you don't like either cold fowl or hot boiled ham which many people don't I dare say besides Jews and theirs are scruples of conscience which we must all respect though I must say I wish they had them equally strong when they sell us false articles for real that certainly ain't worth the money I shall be quite vexed," said Flora.

Little Dorrit thanked her, and said, shyly, bread and butter and tea was all she usually—

"Oh nonsense my dear child I can never hear of that," said Flora, turning on the urn in the most reckless manner, and making herself wink by splashing hot water into her eyes as she bent down to look into the tea-pot. "You are come here on the footing of a friend and companion you know if you will let me take that liberty and I should be ashamed of myself indeed if you could come here upon any other, besides which Arthur Clennam spoke in such terms—you are tired my dear."

"No, ma'am."

"You turn so pale you have walked too far before breakfast and I dare say live a great way off and ought to have had a ride," said Flora, "dear dear is there anything that would do you good?"

"Indeed I am quite well, ma'am. I thank you again and again, but I am quite well."

"Then take your tea at once I beg," said Flora, "and this wing of fowl and bit of ham, don't mind me or wait for me because I always carry in this tray myself to Mr. F's Aunt who breakfasts in bed and a charming old lady too and very clever, Portrait of Mr. F behind the door and very like though too much forehead and as to a pillar with a marble pavement and balustrades and a mountain I never saw him near it nor not likely in the wine trade, excellent man but not at all in that way."

Little Dorrit glanced at the portrait, very imperfectly following the references to that work of art.

"Mr. F was so devoted to me that he never could bear me out of his sight," said Flora, "though of course I am unable to say how long that might have lasted if he hadn't been cut short while I was a new broom, worthy man but not poetical manly prose but not romance."

Little Dorrit glanced at the portrait again. The artist had given it a head that would have been, in an intellectual point of view, top-heavy for Shakespeare.

"Romance, however," Flora went on, busily arranging Mr. F's Aunt's toast, "as I openly said to Mr. F when he proposed to me and you will be surprised to hear that he proposed seven times once in a hackney coach once in a boat once in a pew once on a donkey at Tunbridge Wells and the rest on his knees, Romance was fled with the early days of Arthur Clennam, our parents tore us asunder we became marble and stern reality usurped the throne, Mr. F said very much to his credit that he was perfectly aware of it and even preferred that state of things accordingly the word was spoken the fiat went forth and such is life you see my dear and yet we do

not break but bend, pray make a good breakfast while I go in with the tray."

She disappeared, leaving Little Dorrit to ponder over the meaning of her scattered words. She soon came back again; and at last began to take her own breakfast, talking all the while.

"You see my dear," said Flora, measuring out a spoonful or two of some brown liquid that smelt like brandy, and putting it into her tea, "I am obliged to be careful to follow the directions of my medical man though the flavor is anything but agreeable being a poor creature and it may be have never recovered the shock received in youth from too much giving way to crying in the next room when separated from Arthur, have you known him long?"

As soon as Little Dorrit comprehended that she had been asked this question—for which time was necessary, the galloping pace of her new patroness having left her far behind—she answered that she had known Mr. Clennam ever since his return.

"To be sure you couldn't have known him before unless you had been in China or had corresponded neither of which is likely," returned Flora, "for travelling-people usually get more or less mahogany and you are not at all so and as to corresponding what about? that's very true unless tea, so it was at his mother's was it really that you knew him first, highly sensible and firm but dreadfully severe—ought to be the mother of the man in the iron mask."

"Mrs. Clennam has been kind to me," said Little Dorrit.

"Really? I am sure I am glad to hear it because as Arthur's mother it's naturally pleasant to my feelings to have a better opinion of her than I had before, though what she thinks of me when I run on as I am certain to do and she sits glowering at me like Fate in a go-cart—shocking comparison really—invalid and not her fault—I never know or can imagine."

"Shall I find my work anywhere, ma'am?" asked Little Dorrit, looking timidly about; "can I get it?"

"You industrious little fairy," returned Flora, taking, in another cup of tea, another of the doses prescribed by her medical man, "there's not the slightest hurry and it's better that we should begin by being confidential about our mutual friend—too cold a word for me at least I don't mean that, very proper expression mutual friend—than become through mere formalities not you but me like the Spartan boy with the fox biting him, which I hope you'll excuse my bringing up for of all the tiresome boys that will go tumbling into every sort of company that boy's the tiresomest."

Little Dorrit, her face very pale, sat down again to listen. "Hadn't I better work the while?" she asked. "I can work and attend too. I would rather, if I may."

Her earnestness was so expressive of her being uneasy without her work, that Flora answered, "Well my dear whatever you like best," and produced a basket of white handkerchiefs. Little Dorrit gladly put it by her side, took out her little pocket-housewife, threaded her needle, and began to hem.

"What nimble fingers you have," said Flora, "but are you sure you are well?"

"Oh yes, indeed!"

Flora put her feet upon the fender, and settled herself for a thorough good romantic disclosure. She started off at score, tossing her head, sighing in the most demonstrative manner, making a great deal of use of her eyebrows, and occasionally, but not often, glancing at the quiet face that bent over the work.

"You must know my dear," said Flora, "but that I have no doubt you know already not only because I have already thrown it out in a general way but because I feel I carry it stamped in burning what's his names upon my brow that before I was introduced to the late *Mr. F* I had been engaged to *Arthur Clennam*—*Mr. Clennam* in public where reserve is necessary *Arthur* here—we were all in all to one another it was the morning of life it was bliss it was frenzy it was everything else of that sort in the highest degree, when rent asunder we turned to stone in which capacity *Arthur* went to *China* and I became the statue bride of the late *Mr. F*."

Flora, uttering these words in a deep voice, enjoyed herself immensely.

"To paint," said she, "the emotions of that morning when all was marble within and *Mr. F's* Aunt followed in a glass-coach which it stands to reason must have been in shameful repair or it never could have broken down two streets from the house and *Mr. F's* Aunt brought home like the fifth of November in a rush-bottomed chair I will not attempt, suffice it to say that the hollow form of breakfast took place in the dining-room down-stairs that papa partaking too freely of pickled salmon was ill for weeks and that *Mr. F* and myself went upon a continental tour to *Calais* where the people fought for us on the pier until they separated us though not for ever that was not yet to be."

The statue bride, hardly pausing for breath, went on, with the greatest complacency, in a rambling manner sometimes incidental to flesh and blood.

"I will draw a veil over that dreamy life, *Mr. F* was in good spirits his appetite was good he liked the cookery he considered the wine weak but palatable and all was well, we returned to the immediate neighbourhood of Number Thirty Little Gosling Street London Docks and settled down, ere we had yet fully detected the housemaid in selling the feathers out of the spare bed *Gout* flying upwards soared with *Mr. F* to another sphere."

His relict, with a glance at his portrait, shook her head and wiped her eyes.

"I revere the memory of *Mr. F* as an estimable man and most indulgent husband, only necessary to mention *Asparagus* and it appeared or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle it was not ecstasy but it was comfort, I returned to papa's roof and lived secluded if not happy during some years until one day papa came smoothly blundering in and said that *Arthur Clennam* awaited me below, I went below and found him ask me not what I found him except that he was still unmarried still unchanged!"

The dark mystery with which Flora now enshrouded herself might have stopped other fingers than the nimble fingers that worked near her. They worked on, without pause, and the busy head bent over them watching the stitches.

"Ask me not," said Flora, "if I love him still or if he still loves me or what the end is to be or when, we are surrounded by watchful eyes and it may be that we are destined to pine asunder it may be never more to be reunited not a word not a breath not a look to betray us all must be secret as the tomb wonder not therefore that even if I should seem comparatively cold to Arthur or Arthur should seem comparatively cold to me we have fatal reasons it is enough if we understand them hush!"

All of which Flora said with so much headlong vehemence as if she really believed it. There is not much doubt, that, when she worked herself into full mermaid condition, she did actually believe whatever she said in it.

"Hush!" repeated Flora, "I have now told you all, confidence is established between us hush, for Arthur's sake I will always be a friend to you my dear girl and in Arthur's name you may always rely upon me."

The nimble fingers laid aside the work, and the little figure rose and kissed her hand. "You are very cold," said Flora, changing to her own natural kind-hearted manner, and gaining greatly by the change. "Don't work to-day I am sure you are not well I am sure you are not strong."

"It is only that I feel a little overcome by your kindness, and by Mr. Clennam's kindness in confiding me to one he has known and loved so long."

"Well really my dear," said Flora, who had a decided tendency to be always honest when she gave herself time to think about it, "It's as well to leave that alone now, for I couldn't undertake to say after all, but it doesn't signify lie down a little!"

"I have always been strong enough to do what I want to do, and I shall be quite well directly," returned Little Dorrit, with a faint smile. "You have overpowered me with gratitude, that's all. If I keep near the window for a moment, I shall be quite myself."

Flora opened a window, sat her in a chair by it, and considerably retired to her former place. It was a windy day, and the air stirring on Little Dorrit's face soon brightened it. In a very few minutes she returned to her basket of work, and her nimble fingers were as nimble as ever.

Quietly pursuing her task, she asked Flora if Mr. Clennam had told her where she lived? When Flora replied in the negative, Little Dorrit said that she understood why he had been so delicate, but that she felt sure he would approve of her confiding her secret to Flora, and that she would therefore do so now with Flora's permission. Receiving an encouraging answer, she condensed the narrative of her life into a few scanty words about herself, and a glowing eulogy upon her father; and Flora took it all in with a natural tenderness that quite understood it, and in which there was no incoherence.

When dinner-time came, Flora drew the arm of her new charge through hers, led her down stairs, and presented her to the Patriarch and Mr. Pancks, who were already in the dining-room waiting to begin. (Mr. F's Aunt was, for the time, laid up in ordinary in her chamber.) By those gentlemen she was received according to their characters; the Patriarch appearing to do her some inestimable

service in saying that he was glad to see her, glad to see her; and Mr. Pancks blowing off his favorite sound as a salute.

In that new presence, she would have been bashful enough under any circumstances, and particularly under Flora's insisting on her drinking a glass of wine and eating of the best that was there; but her constraint was greatly increased by Mr. Pancks. The demeanour of that gentleman at first suggested to her mind that he might be a taker of likenesses, so intently did he look at her, and so frequently did he glance at the little note-book by his side. Observing that he made no sketch, however, and that he talked about business only, she began to have suspicions that he represented some creditor of her father's, the balance due to whom was noted in that pocket-volume. Regarded from this point of view, Mr. Pancks's puffings expressed injury and impatience, and each of his louder snorts became a demand for payment.

But, here again she was undeceived by anomalous and incongruous conduct on the part of Mr. Pancks himself. She had left the table half an hour, and was at work alone. Flora had "gone to lie down" in the next room, concurrently with which retirement a smell of something to drink had broken out in the house. The Patriarch was fast asleep, with his philanthropic mouth open, under a yellow pocket-handkerchief in the dining-room. At this quiet time, Mr. Pancks softly appeared before her, urbanely nodding.

"Find it a little dull, Miss Dorrit?" inquired Pancks, in a low voice.

"No, thank you, sir," said Little Dorrit.

"Busy, I see," observed Mr. Pancks, stealing into the room by inches. "What are those now, Miss Dorrit?"

"Handkerchiefs."

"Are they, though!" said Pancks. "I shouldn't have thought it." Not in the least looking at them, but looking at Little Dorrit. "Perhaps you wonder who I am. Shall I tell you? I am a fortune-teller."

Little Dorrit now began to think he was mad.

"I belong body and soul to my proprietor," said Pancks; "you saw my proprietor having his dinner below. But I do a little in the other way, sometimes; privately, very privately, Miss Dorrit."

Little Dorrit looked at him doubtfully, and not without alarm. "I wish you'd show me the palm of your hand," said Pancks. "I should like to have a look at it. Don't let me be troublesome."

He was so far troublesome that he was not at all wanted there, but she laid her work in her lap for a moment, and held out her left hand with the thimble on it.

"Years of toil, eh?" said Pancks, softly, touching it with his blunt forefinger. "But what else are we made for? Nothing. Hallo!" looking into the lines. "What's this with bars? It's a College! And what's this with a grey gown and a black velvet cap? It's a father! And what's this with a clarionet? It's an uncle! And what's this in dancing-shoes? It's a sister! And what's this straggling about in an idle sort of a way? It's a brother! And what's this thinking for 'em all? Why, this is you, Miss Dorrit!"

Her eyes met his as she looked up wonderingly into his face, and she thought that although his were sharp eyes, he was a brighter and gentler-looking man than she had supposed at dinner. His eyes were on her hand again directly, and her opportunity of confirming or correcting the impression was gone.

"Now, the deuce is in it," muttered Pancks, tracing out a line in her hand with his clumsy finger, "if this isn't me in the corner here! What do I want here? What's behind me?"

He carried his finger slowly down to the wrist, and round the wrist, and affected to look at the back of the hand for what was behind him.

"Is it any harm?" asked Little Dorrit, smiling.

"Deuce a bit!" said Pancks. "What do you think it's worth?"

"I ought to ask you that. I am not the fortune-teller."

"True," said Pancks. "What's it worth? You shall live to see, Miss Dorrit."

Releasing the hand by slow degrees, he drew all his fingers through his prongs of hair, so that they stood up in their most portentous manner; and repeated slowly, "Remember what I say, Miss Dorrit. You shall live to see."

She could not help showing that she was much surprised, if it were only by his knowing so much about her.

"Ah! That's it!" said Pancks, pointing at her. "Miss Dorrit, not that, ever!"

More surprised than before, and a little more frightened, she looked to him for an explanation of his last words.

"Not that," said Pancks, making, with great seriousness, an imitation of a surprised look and manner, that appeared to be unintentionally grotesque. "Don't do that. Never on seeing me, no matter when, no matter where. I am nobody. Don't take on to mind me. Don't mention me. Take no notice. Will you agree, Miss Dorrit?"

"I hardly know what to say," returned Little Dorrit, quite astounded. "Why?"

"Because I am a fortune-teller. Pancks the gipsy. I haven't told you so much of your fortune yet, Miss Dorrit, as to tell you what's behind me on that little hand. I have told you you shall live to see. Is it agreed, Miss Dorrit?"

"Agreed that I—am—to—"

"To take no notice of me away from here, unless I take on first. Not to mind me when I come and go. It's very easy. I am no loss, I am not handsome, I am not good company, I am only my proprietor's grubber. You need do no more than think, 'Ah! Pancks the gipsy at his fortune-telling—he'll tell the rest of my fortune one day—I shall live to know it.' Is it agreed, Miss Dorrit?"

"Ye-es," faltered Little Dorrit, whom he greatly confused, "I suppose so, while you do no harm."

"Good!" Mr. Pancks glanced at the wall of the adjoining room, and stooped forward. "Honest creature, woman of capital points, but heedless and a loose talker, Miss Dorrit." With that he rubbed his hands as if the interview had been very satisfactory to him, panted away to the door, and urbanely nodded himself out again.

If Little Dorrit were beyond measure perplexed by this curious

conduct on the part of her new acquaintance, and by finding herself involved in this singular treaty, her perplexity was not diminished by ensuing circumstances. Besides that Mr. Pancks took every opportunity afforded him in Mr. Casby's house of significantly glancing at her and snorting at her—which was not much, after what he had done already—he began to pervade her daily life. She saw him in the street, constantly. When she went to Mr. Casby's, he was always there. When she went to Mrs. Clennam's, he came there on any pretence, as if to keep her in his sight. A week had not gone by, when she found him, to her astonishment, in the Lodge one night, conversing with the turnkey on duty, and to all appearance one of his familiar companions. Her next surprise was to find him equally at his ease within the prison; to hear of his presenting himself among the visitors at her father's Sunday levee; to see him arm in arm with a Collegiate friend about the yard; to learn, from Fame, that he had greatly distinguished himself one evening at the social club that held its meetings in the Snuggery, by addressing a speech to the members of that institution, singing a song, and treating the company to five gallons of ale—report madly added a bushel of shrimps. The effect on Mr. Plornish of such of these phenomena as he became an eye-witness of, in his faithful visits, made an impression on Little Dorrit only second to that produced by the phenomena themselves. They seemed to gag and bind him. He could only stare, and sometimes weakly mutter that it wouldn't be believed down Bleeding Heart Yard that this was Pancks; but he never said a word more, or made a sign more, even to Little Dorrit. Mr. Pancks crowned his mysteries by making himself acquainted with Tip in some unknown manner, and taking a Sunday saunter into the College on that gentleman's arm. Throughout he never took any notice of Little Dorrit, save once or twice when he happened to come close to her, and there was no one very near; on which occasions, he said in passing, with a friendly look and a puff of encouragement, “Pancks the gipsy—fortune-telling.”

Little Dorrit worked and strove as usual, wondering at all this, but keeping her wonder, as she had from her earliest years kept many heavier loads, in her own breast. A change had stolen, and was stealing yet, over the patient heart. Every day found her something more retiring than the day before. To pass in and out of the prison unnoticed, and elsewhere to be overlooked and forgotten, were, for herself, her chief desires.

To her own room too, strangely assorted room for her delicate youth and character, she was glad to retreat as often as she could without desertion of any duty. There were afternoon times when she was unemployed, when visitors dropped in to play a hand at cards with her father, when she could be spared and was better away. Then she would flit along the yard, climb the scores of stairs that led to her room, and take her seat at the window. Many combinations did those spikes upon the wall assume, many light shapes did the strong iron weave itself into, many golden touches fell upon the rust, while Little Dorrit sat there musing. New zig-zags sprung into the cruel pattern sometimes, when she saw it through a burst of tears; but beautified or hardened still, always over it and under it and through

it, she was fain to look in her solitude, seeing everything with that ineffaceable brand.

A garret, and a Marshalsea garret without compromise, was Little Dorrit's room. Beautifully kept, it was ugly in itself, and had little but cleanliness and air to set it off; for what embellishment she had ever been able to buy, had gone to her father's room. Howbeit, for this poor place she showed an increasing love; and to sit in it alone became her favorite rest.

Insomuch, that on a certain afternoon, during the Pancks mysteries, when she was seated at her window, and heard Maggy's well-known step coming up the stairs, she was very much disturbed by the apprehension of being summoned away. As Maggy's step came higher up and nearer, she trembled and faltered; and it was as much as she could do to speak, when Maggy at length appeared.

"Please, Little Mother," said Maggy, panting for breath, "you must come down and see him. He's here."

"Who, Maggy?"

"Why, o'course Mr. Clennam. He's in your father's room, and he says to me, Maggy, will you be so kind as go and say it's only me."

"I am not very well, Maggy. I had better not go. I am going to lie down. See! I lie down now, to ease my head. Say, with my grateful regard, that you left me so, or I would have come."

"Well, it an't very polite though, Little Mother," said the staring Maggy, "to turn your face away, neither!"

Maggy was very susceptible to personal slights, and very ingenious in inventing them. "Putting both your hands afore your face too!" she went on. "If you can't bear the looks of a poor thing, it would be better to tell her so at once, and not go and shut her out like that, hurting her feelings and breaking her heart at ten year old, poor thing!"

"It's to ease my head, Maggy."

"Well, and if you cry to ease your head, Little Mother, let me cry too. Don't go and have all the crying to yourself," expostulated Maggy, "that an't not being greedy." And immediately began to blubber.

It was with some difficulty that she could be induced to go back with the excuse; but the promise of being told a story—of old her great delight—on condition that she concentrated her faculties upon the errand and left her little mistress to herself for an hour longer, combined with a misgiving on Maggy's part that she had left her good temper at the bottom of the staircase, prevailed. So away she went, muttering her message all the way to keep it in her mind, and, at the appointed time, came back.

"He was very sorry, I can tell you," she announced, "and wanted to send a doctor. And he's coming again to-morrow he is, and I don't think he'll have a good sleep to-night along o' hearing about your head, Little Mother. Oh my! Ain't you been a-crying!"

"I think I have, a little, Maggy."

"A little! Oh!"

"But it's all over now—all over for good, Maggy. And my head is much better and cooler, and I am quite comfortable. I am very glad I did not go down."

Her great staring child tenderly embraced her; and having

smoothed her hair, and bathed her forehead and eyes with cold water (offices in which her awkward hands became skilful), hugged her again, exulted in her brighter looks, and stationed her in her chair by the window. Over against this chair, Maggy, with apoplectic exertions that were not at all required, dragged the box which was her seat on story-telling occasions, sat down upon it, hugged her own knees, and said, with a voracious appetite for stories, and with widely-opened eyes :

“ Now, Little Mother, let’s have a good ‘un ! ”

“ What shall it be about, Maggy ? ”

“ Oh, let’s have a Princess,” said Maggy, “ and let her be a reg’lar one. Beyond all belief, you know ! ”

Little Dorrit considered for a moment; and with a rather sad smile upon her face, which was flushed by the sunset, began :

“ Maggy, there was once upon a time a fine King, and he had everything he could wish for, and a great deal more. He had gold and silver, diamonds and rubies, riches of every kind. He had palaces, and he had——”

“ Hospitals,” interposed Maggy, still nursing her knees. “ Let him have hospitals, because they’re so comfortable. Hospitals with lots of Chicking.”

“ Yes, he had plenty of them, and he had plenty of everything.”

“ Plenty of baked potatoes, for instance ? ” said Maggy.

“ Plenty of everything.”

“ Lor ! ” chuckled Maggy, giving her knees a hug. “ Wasn’t it prime ! ”

“ This King had a daughter, who was the wisest and most beautiful Princess that ever was seen. When she was a child, she understood all her lessons before her masters taught them to her; and when she was grown up, she was the wonder of the world. Now, near the Palace where this Princess lived, there was a cottage in which there was a poor little tiny woman, who lived all alone by herself.”

“ A old woman,” said Maggy, with an unctuous smack of her lips.

“ No, not an old woman. Quite a young one.”

“ I wonder she warn’t afraid,” said Maggy. “ Go on, please.”

“ The Princess passed the cottage nearly every day, and whenever she went by in her beautiful carriage, she saw the poor tiny woman spinning at her wheel, and she looked at the tiny woman, and the tiny woman looked at her. So, one day she stopped the coachman a little way from the cottage, and got out and walked on and peeped in at the door, and there, as usual, was the tiny woman spinning at her wheel, and she looked at the Princess, and the Princess looked at her.”

“ Like trying to stare one another out,” said Maggy. “ Please go on, Little Mother.”

“ The Princess was such a wonderful Princess that she had the power of knowing secrets, and she said to the tiny woman, Why do you keep it there ? This showed her directly that the Princess knew why she lived all alone by herself, spinning at her wheel, and she kneeled down at the Princess’s feet, and asked her never to betray her. So, the Princess said, I never will betray you. Let me see it. So, the tiny woman closed the shutter of the cottage window and fastened the door, and, trembling from head to foot for fear that any one should

suspect her, opened a very secret place, and showed the Princess a shadow."

"Lor!" said Maggy.

"It was the shadow of Some one who had gone by long before: of Some one who had gone on far away quite out of reach, never, never to come back. It was bright to look at; and when the tiny woman showed it to the Princess, she was proud of it with all her heart, as a great, great, treasure. When the Princess had considered it a little while, she said to the tiny woman, And you keep watch over this, every day? And she cast down her eyes, and whispered, Yes. Then the Princess said, Remind me why. To which the other replied, that no one so good and kind had ever passed that way, and that was why in the beginning. She said, too, that nobody missed it, that nobody was the worse for it, that Some one had gone on to those who were expecting him——"

"Some one was a man then?" interposed Maggy.

Little Dorrit timidly said yes, she believed so; and resumed:

"—Had gone on to those who were expecting him, and that this remembrance was stolen or kept back from nobody. The Princess made answer, Ah! But when the cottager died it would be discovered there. The tiny woman told her No; when that time came, it would sink quietly into her own grave, and would never be found."

"Well, to be sure!" said Maggy. "Go on, please."

"The Princess was very much astonished to hear this, as you may suppose, Maggy."

"(And well she might be," said Maggy.)

"So she resolved to watch the tiny woman, and see what came of it. Every day, she drove in her beautiful carriage by the cottage-door, and there she saw the tiny woman always alone by herself spinning at her wheel, and she looked at the tiny woman, and the tiny woman looked at her. At last one day the wheel was still, and the tiny woman was not to be seen. When the Princess made inquiries why the wheel had stopped, and where the tiny woman was, she was informed that the wheel had stopped because there was nobody to turn it, the tiny woman being dead."

"They ought to have took her to the Hospital," said Maggy, "and then she'd have got over it.")

"The Princess, after crying a very little for the loss of the tiny woman, dried her eyes and got out of her carriage at the place where she had stopped it before, and went to the cottage and peeped in at the door. There was nobody to look at her now, and nobody for her to look at, so she went in at once to search for the treasured shadow. But there was no sign of it to be found anywhere; and then she knew that the tiny woman had told her the truth, and that it would never give any body any trouble, and that it had sunk quietly into her own grave, and that she and it were at rest together.

"That's all, Maggy."

The sunset flush was so bright on Little Dorrit's face when she came thus to the end of her story, that she interposed her hand to shade it.

"Had she got to be old?" Maggy asked.

"The tiny woman?"

"Ah!"

"I don't know," said Little Dorrit. "But it would have been just the same, if she had been ever and ever so old."

"Would it raly!" said Maggy. "Well I suppose it would though." And sat staring and ruminating.

She sat so long with her eyes wide open, that at length Little Dorrit, to entice her from her box, rose and looked out of window. As she glanced down into the yard, she saw Pancks come in, and leer up with the corner of his eye as he went by.

"Who's he, Little Mother?" said Maggy. She had joined her at the window and was leaning on her shoulder. "I see him come in and out often."

"I have heard him called a fortune-teller," said Little Dorrit. "But I doubt if he could tell many people, even their past or present fortunes."

"Couldn't have told the Princess hers?" said Maggy.

Little Dorrit, looking musingly down into the dark valley of the prison, shook her head.

"Nor the tiny woman hers?" said Maggy.

"No," said Little Dorrit, with the sunset very bright upon her. "But let us come away from the window."

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### CONSPIRATORS AND OTHERS.

THE private residence of Mr. Pancks was in Pentonville, where he lodged on the second floor of a professional gentleman in an extremely small way, who had an inner-door within the street-door, poised on a spring and starting open with a click like a trap; and who wrote up in the fan-light, RUGG, GENERAL AGENT, ACCOUNTANT, DEBTS RECOVERED.

This scroll, majestic in its severe simplicity, illuminated a little slip of front garden abutting on the thirsty high road, where a few of the dustiest of leaves hung their dismal heads and led a life of choking. A professor of writing occupied the first-floor, and enlivened the garden railings with glass-cases containing choice examples of what his pupils had been before six lessons and while the whole of his young family shook the table, and what they had become after six lessons when the young family was under restraint. The tenancy of Mr. Pancks was limited to one airy bedroom; he covenanting and agreeing with Mr. Rugg his landlord, that in consideration of a certain scale of payments accurately defined, and on certain verbal notice duly given, he should be at liberty to elect to share the Sunday breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, or each or any or all of those repasts or meals, of Mr. and Miss Rugg (his daughter) in the back parlor.

Miss Rugg was a lady of a little property, which she had acquired, together with much distinction in the neighbourhood, by having her heart severely lacerated and her feelings mangled by a middle-aged

baker, resident in the vicinity, against whom she had, by the agency of Mr. Rugg, found it necessary to proceed at law to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The baker, having been, by the counsel for Miss Rugg, witheringly denounced on that occasion up to the full amount of twenty guineas, at the rate of about eighteenpence an epithet, and having been cast in corresponding damages, still suffered occasional persecution from the youth of Pentonville. But Miss Rugg, environed by the majesty of the law, and having her damages invested in the public securities, was regarded with consideration.

In the society of Mr. Rugg, who had a round white visage, as if all his blushes had been drawn out of him long ago, and who had a ragged yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom; and in the society of Miss Rugg, who had little nankeen spots, like shirt buttons, all over her face, and whose own yellow tresses were rather scrubby than luxuriant; Mr. Pancks had usually dined on Sundays for some few years, and had twice a week, or so, enjoyed an evening collation of bread, Dutch cheese, and porter. Mr. Pancks was one of the very few marriageable men for whom Miss Rugg had no terrors, the argument with which he re-assured himself being twofold; that is to say, firstly, "that it wouldn't do twice," and secondly "that he wasn't worth it." Fortified within this double armour, Mr. Pancks snorted at Miss Rugg on easy terms.

Up to this time, Mr. Pancks had transacted little or no business at his quarters in Pentonville, except in the sleeping line; but, now that he had become a fortune-teller, he was often closetted after midnight with Mr. Rugg in his little front-parlor office, and, even after those untimely hours, burnt tallow in his bedroom. Though his duties as his proprietor's grubber were in no wise lessened; and though that service bore no greater resemblance to a bed of roses than was to be discovered in its many thorns; some new branch of industry made a constant demand upon him. When he cast off the Patriarch at night, it was only to take an anonymous craft in tow, and labor away afresh in other waters.

The advance from a personal acquaintance with the elder Mr. Chivery, to an introduction to his amiable wife and disconsolate son, may have been easy; but easy or not, Mr. Pancks soon made it. He nestled in the bosom of the tobacco business within a week or two after his first appearance in the College, and particularly addressed himself to the cultivation of a good understanding with Young John. In this endeavour he so prospered as to lure that pining shepherd forth from the groves, and tempt him to undertake mysterious missions; on which he began to disappear at uncertain intervals for as long a space as two or three days together. The prudent Mrs. Chivery, who wondered greatly at this change, would have protested against it as detrimental to the Highland typification on the doorpost, but for two forcible reasons; one, that her John was roused to take strong interest in the business which these starts were supposed to advance—and this she held to be good for his drooping spirits; the other, that Mr. Pancks confidentially agreed to pay her, for the occupation of her son's time, at the handsome rate of seven and sixpence per day. The proposal originated with himself, and was couched in the pithy terms,

"If your John is weak enough, ma'am, not to take it, that is no reason why you should be, don't you see? So, quite between ourselves, ma'am, business being business, here it is!"

What Mr. Chivery thought of these things, or how much or how little he knew about them, was never gathered from himself. It has been already remarked that he was a man of few words; and it may be here observed, that he had imbibed a professional habit of locking everything up. He locked himself up as carefully as he locked up the Marshalsea debtors. Even his custom of bolting his meals may have been a part of an uniform whole; but there is no question, that, as to all other purposes, he kept his mouth as he kept the Marshalsea door. He never opened it without occasion. When it was necessary to let anything out, he opened it a little way, held it open just as long as sufficed for the purpose, and locked it again. Even as he would be sparing of his trouble at the Marshalsea door, and would keep a visitor who wanted to go out, waiting for a few moments if he saw another visitor coming down the yard, so that one turn of the key should suffice for both, similarly he would often reserve a remark if he perceived another on its way to his lips, and would deliver himself of the two together. As to any key to his inner knowledge being to be found in his face, the Marshalsea key was as legible an index to the individual characters and histories upon which it was turned.

That Mr. Pancks should be moved to invite any one to dinner at Pentonville, was an unprecedented fact in his calendar. But he invited Young John to dinner, and even brought him within range of the dangerous (because expensive) fascinations of Miss Rugg. The banquet was appointed for a Sunday, and Miss Rugg with her own hands stuffed a leg of mutton with oysters on the occasion, and sent it to the baker's—not *the* baker's, but an opposition establishment. Provision of oranges, apples, and nuts was also made. And rum was brought home by Mr. Pancks on Saturday night, to gladden the visitor's heart.

The store of creature comforts was not the chief part of the visitor's reception. Its special feature was a foregone family confidence and sympathy. When Young John appeared at half-past one, without the ivory hand and waistcoat of golden sprigs, the sun shorn of his beams by disastrous clouds, Mr. Pancks presented him to the yellow-haired Ruggs as the young man he had so often mentioned who loved Miss Dorrit.

"I am glad," said Mr. Rugg, challenging him specially in that character, "to have the distinguished gratification of making your acquaintance, sir. Your feelings do you honor. You are young; may you never outlive your feelings! If I was to outlive my own feelings, sir," said Mr. Rugg, who was a man of many words, and was considered to possess a remarkably good address; "if I was to outlive my own feelings, I'd leave fifty pound in my will to the man who would put me out of existence."

Miss Rugg heaved a sigh.

"My daughter, sir," said Mr. Rugg. "Anastatia, you are no stranger to the state of this young man's affections. My daughter has had her trials, sir," Mr. Rugg might have used the word more pointedly in the singular number, "and she can feel for you."

Young John, almost overwhelmed by the touching nature of this greeting, professed himself to that effect.

"What I envy you, sir, is," said Mr. Rugg, "allow me to take your hat—we are rather short of pegs—I'll put it in the corner, nobody will tread in it there—What I envy you, sir, is the luxury of your own feelings. I belong to a profession in which that luxury is sometimes denied us."

Young John replied, with acknowledgments, that he only hoped he did what was right, and what showed how entirely he was devoted to Miss Dorrit. He wished to be unselfish; and he hoped he was. He wished to do anything as laid in his power to serve Miss Dorrit, altogether putting himself out of sight; and he hoped he did. It was but little that he could do, but he hoped he did it.

"Sir," said Mr. Rugg, taking him by the hand, "you are a young man that it does one good to come across. You are a young man that I should like to put in the witness-box, to humanise the minds of the legal profession. I hope you have brought your appetite with you, and intend to play a good knife and fork?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Young John, "I don't eat much at present."

Mr. Rugg drew him a little apart. "My daughter's case, sir," said he, "at the time when, in vindication of her outraged feelings and her sex, she became the plaintiff in Rugg and Bawkins. I suppose I could have put it in evidence, Mr. Chivery, if I had thought it worth my while, that the amount of solid sustenance my daughter consumed at that period did not exceed ten ounces per week."

"I think I go a little beyond that, sir," returned the other, hesitating, as if he confessed it with some shame.

"But in your case there's no fiend in human form," said Mr. Rugg, with argumentative smile and action of hand. "Observe, Mr. Chivery! No fiend in human form!"

"No, sir, certainly," Young John added with simplicity, "I should be very sorry if there was."

"The sentiment," said Mr. Rugg, "is what I should have expected from your known principles. It would affect my daughter greatly, sir, if she heard it. As I perceive the mutton, I am glad she didn't hear it. Mr. Pancks, on this occasion, pray face me. My dear, face Mr. Chivery. For what we are going to receive, may we (and Miss Dorrit) be truly thankful!"

But for a grave waggishness in Mr. Rugg's manner of delivering this introduction to the feast, it might have appeared that Miss Dorrit was expected to be one of the company. Pancks recognised the sally in his usual way, and took in his provender in his usual way. Miss Rugg, perhaps making up some of her arrears, likewise took very kindly to the mutton, and it rapidly diminished to the bone. A bread-and-butter pudding entirely disappeared, and a considerable amount of cheese and radishes vanished by the same means. Then came the dessert.

Then also, and before the broaching of the rum and water, came Mr. Pancks's note-book. The ensuing business proceedings were brief but curious, and rather in the nature of a conspiracy. Mr. Pancks looked

over his note-book which was now getting full, studiously; and picked out little extracts, which he wrote on separate slips of paper on the table; Mr. Rugg, in the meanwhile, looking at him with close attention, and Young John losing his uncollected eye in mists of meditation. When Mr. Pancks, who supported the character of chief conspirator, had completed his extracts, he looked them over, corrected them, put up his note-book, and held them like a hand at cards.

"Now, there's a churchyard in Bedfordshire," said Pancks. "Who takes it?"

"I'll take it sir," returned Mr. Rugg, "if no one bids."

Mr. Pancks dealt him his card, and looked at his hand again.

"Now, there's an Enquiry in York," said Pancks. "Who takes it?"

"I'm not good for York," said Mr. Rugg.

"Then perhaps," pursued Pancks, "you'll be so obliging, John Chivery?"

Young John assenting, Pancks dealt him his card, and consulted his hand again.

"There's a Church in London; I may as well take that. And a Family Bible; I may as well take that, too. That's two to me. Two to me," repeated Pancks, breathing hard over his cards. "Here's a Clerk at Durham for you, John, and an old seafaring gentleman at Dunstable for you, Mr. Rugg. Two to me, was it? Yes, two to me. Here's a Stone; three to me. And a Still-born Baby; four to me. And all, for the present, told."

When he had thus disposed of his cards, all being done very quietly and in a suppressed tone, Mr. Pancks puffed his way into his own breast-pocket and tugged out a canvas bag: from which, with a sparing hand, he told forth money for travelling expenses in two little portions. "Cash goes out fast," he said anxiously, as he pushed a portion to each of his male companions, "very fast."

"I can only assure you, Mr. Pancks," said Young John, "that I deeply regret my circumstances being such that I can't afford to pay my own charges, or that it's not advisable to allow me the time necessary for my doing the distances on foot. Because nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to walk myself off my legs without fee or reward."

This young man's disinterestedness appeared so very ludicrous in the eyes of Miss Rugg, that she was obliged to effect a precipitate retirement from the company, and to sit upon the stairs until she had had her laugh out. Meanwhile Mr. Pancks, looking, not without some pity, at Young John, slowly and thoughtfully twisted up his canvas bag as if he were wringing its neck. The lady returning as he restored it to his pocket, mixed rum and water for the party, not forgetting her fair self, and handed to every one his glass. When all were supplied, Mr. Rugg rose, and silently holding out his glass at arm's length above the centre of the table, by that gesture invited the other three to add theirs, and to unite in a general conspiratorial clink. The ceremony was effective up to a certain point, and would have been wholly so throughout, if Miss Rugg, as she raised her glass to her lips in completion of it, had not happened to look at Young John; when she was again so overcome by the contemptible comicality

of his disinterestedness, as to splutter some ambrosial drops of rum and water around, and withdraw in confusion.

Such was the dinner without precedent, given by Pancks at Pentonville; and such was the busy and strange life Pancks led. The only waking moments at which he appeared to relax from his cares, and to recreate himself by going anywhere or saying anything without a pervading object, were when he showed a dawning interest in the lame foreigner with the stick, down Bleeding Heart Yard.

The foreigner, by name John Baptist Cavalletto—they called him Mr. Baptist in the Yard—was such a chirping, easy, hopeful little fellow, that his attraction for Pancks was probably in the force of contrast. Solitary, weak, and scantily acquainted with the most necessary words of the only language in which he could communicate with the people about him, he went with the stream of his fortunes, in a brisk way that was new in those parts. With little to eat, and less to drink, and nothing to wear but what he wore upon him, or had brought tied up in one of the smallest bundles that ever were seen, he put as bright a face upon it as if he were in the most flourishing circumstances, when he first hobbled up and down the Yard, humbly propitiating the general good-will with his white teeth.

It was up-hill work for a foreigner, lame or sound, to make his way with the Bleeding Hearts. In the first place, they were vaguely persuaded that every foreigner had a knife about him; in the second, they held it to be a sound constitutional national axiom that he ought to go home to his own country. They never thought of enquiring how many of their own countrymen would be returned upon their hands from divers parts of the world, if the principle were generally recognised; they considered it particularly and peculiarly British. In the third place, they had a notion that it was a sort of Divine visitation upon a foreigner that he was not an Englishman, and that all kinds of calamities happened to his country because it did things that England did not, and did not do things that England did. In this belief, to be sure, they had long been carefully trained by the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings, who were always proclaiming to them, officially and unofficially, that no country which failed to submit itself to those two large families could possibly hope to be under the protection of Providence; and who, when they believed it, disparaged them in private as the most prejudiced people under the sun.

This, therefore, might be called a political position of the Bleeding Hearts; but they entertained other objections to having foreigners in the Yard. They believed that foreigners were always badly off; and though they were as ill off themselves as they could desire to be, that did not diminish the force of the objection. They believed that foreigners were dragooned and bayonetted; and though they certainly got their own skulls promptly fractured if they showed any ill humour, still it was with a blunt instrument, and that didn't count. They believed that foreigners were always immoral; and though they had an occasional assize at home, and now and then a divorce case or so, that had nothing to do with it. They believed that foreigners had no independent spirit, as never being escorted to the poll in droves by Lord Decimus

Tite Barnacle, with colors flying and the tune of Rule Britannia playing. Not to be tedious, they had many other beliefs of a similar kind.

Against these obstacles, the lame foreigner with the stick had to make head as well as he could; not absolutely single-handed, because Mr. Arthur Clennam had recommended him to the Plornishes (he lived at the top of the same house), but still at heavy odds. However, the Bleeding Hearts were kind hearts; and when they saw the little fellow cheerily limping about with a good-humoured face, doing no harm, drawing no knives, committing no outrageous immoralities, living chiefly on farinaceous and milk diet, and playing with Mrs. Plornish's children of an evening, they began to think that although he could never hope to be an Englishman, still it would be hard to visit that affliction on his head. They began to accommodate themselves to his level, calling him "Mr. Baptist," but treating him like a baby, and laughing immoderately at his lively gestures and his childish English—more, because he didn't mind it, and laughed too. They spoke to him in very loud voices as if he were stone deaf. They constructed sentences, by way of teaching him the language in its purity, such as were addressed by the savages to Captain Cook, or by Friday to Robinson Crusoe. Mrs. Plornish was particularly ingenious in this art; and attained so much celebrity for saying "Me ope you leg well soon," that it was considered in the Yard but a very short remove indeed from speaking Italian. Even Mrs. Plornish herself began to think that she had a natural call towards that language. As he became more popular, household objects were brought into requisition for his instruction in a copious vocabulary; and whenever he appeared in the Yard, ladies would fly out at their doors crying, "Mr. Baptist—teapot!" "Mr. Baptist—dust-pan!" "Mr. Baptist—flour-dredger!" "Mr. Baptist—coffee-biggin!" At the same time exhibiting those articles, and penetrating him with a sense of the appalling difficulties of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

It was in this stage of his progress, and in about the third week of his occupation, that Mr. Pancks's fancy became attracted by the little man. Mounting to his attic, attended by Mrs. Plornish as interpreter, he found Mr. Baptist with no furniture but his bed on the ground, a table, and a chair, carving with the aid of a few simple tools, in the blithest way possible.

"Now, old chap," said Mr. Pancks, "pay up!"

He had his money ready, folded in a scrap of paper, and laughingly handed it in; then with a free action, threw out as many fingers of his right hand as there were shillings, and made a cut crosswise in the air for an odd sixpence.

"Oh!" said Mr. Pancks, watching him, wonderingly. "That's it, is it? You're a quick customer. It's all right. I didn't expect to receive it, though."

Mrs. Plornish here interposed with great condescension, and explained to Mr. Baptist. "E please. E glad get money."

The little man smiled and nodded. His bright face seemed uncommonly attractive to Mr. Pancks. "How's he getting on in his limb?" he asked Mrs. Plornish.

"Oh, he's a deal better, sir," said Mrs. Plornish. "We expect next week he'll be able to leave off his stick entirely." (The opportunity being too favourable to be lost, Mrs. Plornish displayed her great accomplishment, by explaining, with pardonable pride, to Mr. Baptist, "E ope you leg well soon.")

"He's a merry fellow, too," said Mr. Pancks, admiring him as if he were a mechanical toy. "How does he live?"

"Why, sir," rejoined Mrs. Plornish, "he turns out to have quite a power of carving them flowers that you see him at now." (Mr. Baptist, watching their faces as they spoke, held up his work. Mrs. Plornish interpreted in her Italian manner, on behalf of Mr. Pancks, "E please. Double good!")

"Can he live by that?" asked Mr. Pancks.

"He can live on very little, sir, and it is expected as he will be able, in time, to make a very good living. Mr. Clennam got it him to do, and gives him odd jobs besides, in at the Works next door—makes 'em for him, in short, when he knows he wants 'em."

"And what does he do with himself, now, when he ain't hard at it?" said Mr. Pancks.

"Why, not much as yet, sir, on accounts I suppose of not being able to walk much; but he goes about the Yard, and he chats without particular understanding or being understood, and he plays with the children, and he sits in the sun—he'll sit down anywhere, as if it was a arm-chair—and he'll sing, and he'll laugh!"

"Laugh!" echoed Mr. Pancks. "He looks to me as if every tooth in his head was always laughing."

"But whenever he gets to the top of the steps at t'other end of the Yard," said Mrs. Plornish, "he'll peep out in the curiosest way! So that some of us thinks he's peeping out towards where his own country is, and some of us thinks he's looking for somebody he don't want to see, and some of us don't know what to think."

Mr. Baptist seemed to have a general understanding of what she said; or perhaps his quickness caught and applied her slight action of peeping. In any case, he closed his eyes and tossed his head with the air of a man who had his sufficient reasons for what he did, and said in his own tongue, it didn't matter. *Altro!*

"What's *Altro*?" said Pancks.

"Hem! It's a sort of a general kind of a expression, sir," said Mrs. Plornish.

"Is it?" said Pancks. "Why, then *Altro* to you, old chap. Good afternoon. *Altro!*"

Mr. Baptist in his vivacious way repeating the word several times, Mr. Pancks in his duller way gave it him back once. From that time it became a frequent custom with Pancks the gipsy, as he went home jaded at night, to pass round by Bleeding Heart Yard, go quietly up the stairs, look in at Mr. Baptist's door, and, finding him in his room, to say "Hallo, old chap! *Altro!*" To which Mr. Baptist would reply, with innumerable bright nods and smiles, "Altro, signore, altro, altro, altro!" After this highly condensed conversation, Mr. Pancks would go his way; with an appearance of being lightened and refreshed.

# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

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## NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE  
MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,  
A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND  
EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,  
AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,  
AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,  
PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

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INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power to digest the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or swelling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much

difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the

## OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION.

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which

gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use ; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess ; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach ; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed ; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed ; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly as-

sist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal : it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter ; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether ; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted ; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles ; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or **PILLS** equal to fourteen ounces of **CAMOMILE FLOWERS**.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

**Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS" and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.**

## A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

### GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance; being at once a most fragrant perfume and delightful cosmetic. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c.; and, by its Balsamic and Healing qualities, render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c.; clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and, by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it allays the irritation and smarting pain, annihilates every pimple and all roughness, and renders the skin smooth and firm. It protects the skin from the effects of the cold winds and damp atmosphere which prevail during the winter months, and will be found beyond all praise to use as a Family Lotion on all occasions.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d. with Directions for using it, by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

### A CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

*"The Eighth Plague,"* said the learned Dr. Johnson, *"is the Gout, and that man who discovers a Medicine to alleviate its torments deserves well of his country; but he who can effect a cure should have a Monument raised to his memory as high as St. Paul's, as wide as the Thames, and as lasting as time."*

### SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

are sold by nearly all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; the former containing doses for five, and the latter for fifteen days; and so many individuals, who considered themselves martyrs to Gout or Rheumatism, are now ready and willing to bear testimony of the wonderful effects of Simco's Pills, that the Proprietor fearlessly challenges the whole world to produce a Medicine which at all deserves to be compared to them. There are many instances in which persons have been completely restored to health and activity by taking Simco's GOUT PILLS, who have suffered from Rheumatic Gout for several years, and had drawn on a miserable existence, having lost the use of their limbs, believing that death alone could terminate their sufferings.

Whilst taking the Pills, no particular rules or restrictions are necessary, as they are warranted not to contain any preparation of Mercury whatever; they seldom produce perspiration, purging, or sickness, but invariably improve the general health, sharpen the appetite, and facilitate digestion. Those periodically subject to Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Fever, &c., should keep these Pills by them, as by their timely use an approaching attack may always be averted, and the tendency of these complaints to attack a vital part be effectually counteracted.

### INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

### SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

### SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and 2s. 9d. each.

# THE IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

Free from Mercurial or any other poisonous substance.

An efficient remedy for Indigestion. A specific for all Disorders arising from an impure and diseased state of the blood. Suitable for persons of all constitutions, and most easy and pleasant in administration to young persons and children, each Pill being encrusted with a coating of Sugar.

# THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Sole Proprietors, W. LOCKING and SON.

THE EFFICACY OF LOCKING'S AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS does not rest simply upon theoretic principles, but upon the numerous, and, it may be safely added, astonishing cures effected by them. Being purely botanical, they are capable of assimilating speedily with the blood, purifying it, and charging it with a disease-exterminating power.

Does the reader suffer from INDIGESTION? One dose of these Pills will afford immediate relief; and their use for a few days will effect a perfect cure. Mr. HENRY GLENDENNING, of Stonecroft, near Fourstones, N.B., suffered for many years from a severe stomach complaint. Having tried a variety of medicines in vain, he determined to give the *American Sugar-coated Pills* a trial. After taking them for a short time, he was wonderfully restored to health.—Mrs. MARY WAITE, Murton, near Berwick-on-Tweed, was for several years afflicted with giddiness in the head, stupor, and violent and alarming pains. After using the *American Sugar-coated Pills* but a very short time, she was quite relieved of her distressing complaint.—GEORGE MURRAY, Lowhaughs, near Berwick-on-Tweed, was afflicted almost daily for upwards of five years with violent pains in the head, sickness, &c., so as to be unable to attend to his ordinary business. He took four doses of the Pills, after which he became perfectly free from pain, regained his lost appetite, had good digestion, and, for the last six months, he has enjoyed better health than he ever had before.

Mr. STEPHENSON, English-street, Hull, was long troubled with pains in the head and stomach, dizziness, &c. The *American Sugar-coated Pills* were recommended, and after taking two or three doses he obtained great relief. He keeps some by him as a family medicine, and has recommended many others to obtain them.—Mr. W. S. GRAY, Stockwith, was for some time afflicted with dizziness in the head, so violent as to cause him to fall to the ground, apparently lifeless, and also palpitation of the heart. Though bled and blistered, the complaint always returned. He was at length prevailed upon to try the *American Sugar-coated Pills*. They were of great service to him, and for the last four months he has not felt the least symptom of returning fits.

Should this paper come under the notice of anybody subject to *Rheumatic Pains*, the *American Sugar-coated Pills* will at once lay hold upon and remove the cause. The truth of this statement is thus demonstrated:—Mr. SAMUEL HESKETH, Swan-street, Hulme, Manchester, had for several months excruciating pains from Rheumatism, caused by frequent exposure to alternate heat

## THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

and cold. After being under treatment by a surgeon without obtaining relief, he tried the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, the taking of four boxes of which entirely removed his Rheumatic Pains.—Mr. DAVENPORT, Leaf-street, Hulme, Manchester, was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, so that he could hardly raise his hand to his head. He also laboured under general Debility. By the use of the *American Sugar-coated Pills* he was completely restored to sound health.—WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH, Mount Pleasant, Rochdale, was entirely freed from Rheumatic Pains by taking about thirty of the *Sugar-coated Pills*, though, before that, he could neither sit down nor rise up without great difficulty.—Mr. ROBERT TAIT, Scremerton, near Berwick-on-Tweed, a young man of a strong, athletic frame, was reduced to so helpless a condition by Rheumatism in his limbs, that he was unable to remove himself without great pain, and could not put his clothes off or on without assistance. After, however, taking only two small boxes of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, he was enabled to bear testimony to their healing efficacy.—JONATHAN VASEY, Coxhead, near Durham, and W. DAWSON, Little Peel, Blackburn, were relieved from severe pains occasioned by Lumbago, by taking a few courses of the *Sugar-coated Pills*.—ANN MOSLEY, Blacklock Alley, Manchester, was long subject to severe pains in her side, caused by Pleurisy. By a timely administration of a few of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, she was greatly relieved, and, in a short time, entirely freed from pain.

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THE  
**MORISONIAN MONUMENT,**  
ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE  
**BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,**  
NEW ROAD, LONDON.  
THE 31st OF MARCH, 1856.



**REASONS FOR THE MONUMENT: BY JOHN FRASER,  
71, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH.**

**FRIENDS,—** You will have perceived by the *Hygeist*, that a proposal, emanating originally from Hygeists themselves, has for some time been before the public, to erect a monument to JAMES MORISON, Esq., the founder of Hygeianism. Monuments to medical men are rarities in the world; not that there have not been great and good men in the profession, but because the want of sound medical principles, and success in curing, (facts universally known,) have always prevented the growth of deep public interest in the minds of the people, in reference to either the conflicting principles or practice of doctors. It is indeed wise that no such monuments should be erected. Such honours appropriately belong to those only, who have done substantial and extensive good in the world. Now the highest medical authorities have themselves admitted "That it is questionable whether their system has not done more real harm than good to the

*world.*" Therefore, to such a profession, monuments are not due. How different is the case with James Morison! His principles, and theory of disease are not conflicting, but accordant; and like all principles of everlasting truth, capable from their simplicity, of being easily understood by the common mind. For us to have been made, by his writings, to understand the general origin of disease, is an attainment unspeakably gratifying, and of unspeakable importance. In what a state of distraction have thousands of us been kept, when trouble was on ourselves, or in our families, because we could neither tell nor understand the causes of that trouble; and of course, had no principles to suggest a natural, and proper method of cure. Such a state of ignorance and uncertainty as this is extremely distressing in a sick family. Enlightened by Hygeian principles, no such uncertainty exists now, with its consequent pain and dis-

traction. This great blessing we owe to Mr. Morison on our own account, independently of the fact that the same blessing will extend itself to all future ages. A positive discovery in any department of science is a discovery for ever; and honest history will never lose sight of him who made it; but rather surround his name and memory with those praises and laurels that to him justly belong. But what was the discovery? Was it a high road to wealth, to improvements in commerce, or the arts, or anything connected with the dry business concerns of life? No. It was a discovery that pointed directly and certainly to the cause of bodily pain and sickness; and clearly indicated the way to remove them. This was a discovery infinitely surpassing in value to humanity, all the ordinary routine of discoveries with which the world abounds, for what is the worth of life or riches to a sick man, whose day are spent in grief and sorrow? On these grounds a monument to the memory of Morison is pre-eminently due, as a token of gratitude on our part, and as manifesting the sincerity of our convictions. The knowledge that has been so great a blessing to ourselves we desire all men to enjoy; and as a means of extending it, the erection of a permanent monument will be most serviceable. To popularise the sciences is now, by all enlightened minds, regarded as a duty due to society at large. It is quite foreign to the benign, the universal spirit of science, or any truth of nature, to be imprisoned within narrow confines, or to be monopolised by corporated bodies. Science is designed for the blessing and benefit of every human being. Morison was the first individual in Great Britain, perhaps in the civilised world, who made a gigantic and most successful effort to popularise medicine, the prince of all sciences. He has emancipated countless thousands from the chains of professional intolerance and bigotry, elevating their minds to the high, the dignified, the manly position of thinking and acting for themselves, on all subjects connected with their physical well-being. Society now proudly flutters in the breeze, its flag of long won religious and political freedom; and the noble efforts and influence of Morison, will yet result in another victory for oppressed man—the medical liberty of the subject. Other assistants in this cause have of late years sprung up; but to Morison we are indebted for its bold origination, and the great advancement it has made in these nations. Even on this account, he deserves a monument, as the great originator of medical freedom.

That most astonishing medical imposture, *vaccination*, which instead of being a blessing to the world, has been a misfortune and a curse, too enormous and immeasurable in extent to be expressed in language, James Morison exposed; and taught the true method of combating and eradicating small-pox, without having recourse to the barbarous, disgusting, irrational practice of introducing bestial, diseased humours into the vital stream of life, thereby originating many other diseases, more dreadful to society than even the small-pox itself. For his all-important efforts on this question, he well deserves the high honour of a monument.

Then, again, he raised his indignant, powerful voice against the use of poisons as medicine. He pointed out their unmedicinal nature, influence, and fatal effects. He has put thousands on their guard against their use; and thereby saved hosts of lives. His writings on this subject have originated deep and extensive inquiry, on the vastly important subject of the use of poisons for the alleged cure of disease. His opinions and predictions have been verified in the countless numbers of deaths occasioned by their

use from his days to the present, deaths continually increasing in number, in a great variety of horrifying forms—often occasioned by Doctors, often when the poisons are given by mistake, and often when used by confectioners, grocers, spirit and beer-sellers, by private individuals to kill secretly for the sake of gain, or the gratification of malice; and by professional burglars to secure in quietude the gains they covet, whilst the melancholy fact is,—the doctors have led and taught the way to these murderous, universal practices. At this moment every newspaper teems with the most awful accounts of murders perpetrated by the use of poisons; and Medical hospitals and books, unblushingly proclaim that hosts of patients are daily falling victims to the use of poisons administered as medicines, on the pretence of curing disease. Against these horrifying practices, vastly extended of late years, Morison protested; and taught, that as poisons, they could do nothing but destroy and kill. His protest and his opinions on this subject are not now those of a single individual. He has roused opposition to this direful practice throughout the world, an opposition which now exists as a great moral and medical fact. Some years ago, 19,950 persons in Great Britain, through the instrumentality of the British College of Health, signed a petition to the legislature, to restrain the use and sale of these poisons; and this public sentiment chiefly owed its origin to the writings of Morison, and his successors. And can there be a doubt that, on this ground alone, we would do honour to ourselves, independently of meritorious honour to him, by the erection of the proposed monument?

Who was the first to denounce the use of alcoholic poison in disease? It was Morison. The simplicity, clearness, consistency, unity, and harmony of his principles, enabled him to see that, in opposing poison as destructive to the tender sensibilities and substance of the bodily structure, alcohol as a certain poison would act in the very same manner; and hence his opposition to it as well as to every other substance of a poisonous nature. Independent of the destructive effects of poisons on the body, he knew that disease simply required the purification and nourishment of that body; and that as alcohol neither purifies nor nourishes, it could never be a fitting medicine. The enunciation of this great saving principle by Morison, led his followers very generally to the adoption of a temperate and abstinent policy, in reference to the common use of all intoxicating drinks, on the ground that if poisons be injurious in disease, they cannot be innocuous in health; or *vice versa*, if they be injurious in health, they cannot be beneficial in disease. To the discussion and adoption of these opinions generally, the most of us, I believe, have been led by what Morison taught respecting them, in his works. In discussing the question of moral evil, we do not condemn one form of it, and uphold others; so Morison in discussing the evils of poison, consistently put his veto on the whole class. I submit, therefore, that his opening up the way to a great medical and moral reformation, in regard to intoxicating drink, forms another important inducement for erecting a monument to his memory and worth.

It was Morison, also, who wrote against the practice of bleeding, described by some medical men themselves, to have been, and to be still as fatal to society, as the murderous art of war. He knew the blood was the life, the mainspring of the body's support, and, therefore, of its health; and that to abstract blood, was just to abstract life, leave the body weaker, and bring it nearer to death, without purifying, to the slightest extent, the quantity of the vital fluid

remaining in the system. Abstracting blood, in the light of these views, and in the light of its known practical effects, justly appeared to him quite inapplicable to the cure of disease, very destructive to the body, and its practice most unphilosophic, unnatural, revolting, and barbarous. Morison has taught us that, the pain which bleeding occasionally (not always) removes, is no evidence of cure, but rather of diminished sensibility, depressed or reduced vitality, occasioned by abstracting that blood, which alone gives sensibility and vitality to every part of the system. We know pain can always be relieved by taking away a sufficiency of blood; but doing this is at the risk of relieving us of life, of breaking down the bodily vigour; and making recovery quite impossible. He knew pain was only an effect of disease, of some irritating waste matter in the body or blood that should not be there; and therefore, like a true philosopher, he said, "Let the blood alone, but purge away these irritating matters, and the pain would cease." Now this is a magnificent and true doctrine, which he was the instrument of teaching and extending a thousand times more than any other writer, in opposition to this bloody practice. The result is, that as countless multitudes have adopted his views, a vast amount of life has been prolonged and saved among them by their not having had recourse in any case, to the practice in question. We have increasing reason, then, I aver, to make a grateful and vigorous exertion to raise a monument to a gentleman, who has, in this respect, done us such invaluable service; and brought the medical lancet into such extensive disrepute and disuse.

In addition to all these remarkable and invaluable grounds of public respect, and just claims on our support to the present proposal, I have to add his discovery of an aperient, vegetable medicine, most singularly and amazingly adapted to the exigencies of disease. It is on the broad, practical, and curative effects of his medicine, realised in every clime and country, his theories triumphantly stand. It is easy to say purify the blood, and you will enjoy health; but, it is not so easy to discover the means of making it pure. And, though, I were hypothetically to say, the means are transcendently simple, yet as centuries have passed without possessing such knowledge, so might pass away centuries to come equally ignorant, had not the unseen agencies and influences that, lie beneath the surface of every-day events interposed; and made in and through James Morison, the invaluable discovery of his Universal Vegetable Medicine. You all know it can be used as to quantity, and as to long continuance, with extraordinary safety; and with curative effects, resulting in all kinds of diseases, utterly unknown to the common schools of medicine. Myriads of witnesses can testify to these facts. Of course I am not speaking of a few random, and, therefore, it might be mistaken experiments—I am speaking as you would of the crowding stars—speaking of experiments extending over thirty years, throughout all the countries in the civilized world, and in cases almost above human practical reckoning—so numerous, and so common-place as long, long ago, to have ceased to excite any special interest in the minds of those of us, familiarised to such results. No wider field has ever been occupied, or more extensive system of experiments, has ever hitherto been made with any one medicine throughout the whole world. The medicine is not propounded on a mysterious principle, to mystify and deceive,—it is just given as an aperient to cleanse and purge, on the ground that disease needs no other treatment. The medicine once taken, the greatest earthly fool can tell if his disease be either reduced or removed. If the medicine had

been propounded on a fraudulent principle, never could any system have been invented so ill calculated to perpetuate the fraud. When purgation is once effected on the principles of the system, the patient has nothing farther to do than to ask "am I getting better?" His own sensations and condition will always supply an undeviating answer. This system is neither empirical nor quackish. Nothing can be more distant from its nature than a system of blind experimentation. It is but one medicine—it is always the same. It is just a transcendently safe, yet when necessary a most powerful aperient. Disease is always the same—simply morbid matter to remove from the body. The patient is so told; and he soon perceives, to his astonishment, the truth of the theory in the operation of the medicine, and in its beneficial effects on his system. Now, this is not empiricism. It is sound, enlightened, philosophical practice. No higher and surer method of practice, so far as its principle is concerned, exists in the world. The theory of disease, all may comprehend—all in using the medicine are encouraged to study it. The theory is submitted to the test of the medicine; and the result is, the medicine in its effects and results, proves the theory. This then is not empiricism, with its blind experiments. It is not quackery. Its principles are patent to the world, and beautiful they are, and I may add, not capable of successful refutation. The practice is unsurpassed in simplicity; as well as in its manifest adaptation to the theory. On its results the whole truth of the system has been everywhere, and in all times fearlessly, openly, experimentally, perilled; and the world and the profession challenged to come and to behold, to believe or to confute. Had fatal results been consequent on the use of the medicine, then, owing to that use being so extensive and unprecedentedly great, these results would have become so public, and in hosts of cases so apparent, and so incapable of concealment, as to have produced universal horror and alarm in the public mind. But no such results have ever taken place. Indeed, the more the medicine is taken and known, the less fear is entertained of injurious consequences. Now, it is to Morison we owe the discovery of this practice, and this medicine. It matters not to my objects, though we should be told that, hundreds of other similar medicines now exist in the world. It is simple matter of fact that, Morison was for all practical known purposes, both the originator of his own principles and his own medicine; and though his imitators and rivals, may filch and rob him of his laurels, in ways most dishonourable, he yet had occupied alone a universal field, and acquired universal fame, long before one of them sprang up, indeed so much so, that the Lancet, the great literary gun of the profession, declared if Morison were not put down, the doctors would be ruined. He then, on these various, all-important grounds, richly deserves at our hands some tribute to his memory; and what way more striking, effective, and public could we adopt than in erecting the proposed monument?

The vast amount of human life he has been instrumental in saving, is far beyond our calculation. Millions have used his medicine in disease;—some to a trifling extent only, who, therefore, have derived little or no good—and some, again, to a fuller extent, thereby obtaining a mitigation of their ailments. whilst others using it more extensively and perseveringly have been rejoicingly cured. Now, had these same millions, not been led to adopt this wonderfully safe, alleviating, curative practice, they would, of course, have fallen into the hands of the doctors, who with their astringents, opiates, blisters,

bleedings, poisons, alteratives, caustics, knives, lancets, blind experiments, or sheer empiricism, would have, out of that vast number, a mighty multitude to bear evidence of ruined constitutions, shortened lives, and countless deaths, occasioned by having been subjected to the horrible influences of the ill-fated "destructive art of healing." These are facts in which we all believe. They have ever and anon stared us in the face; and though we do not believe Morison's medicine can make us immortal, we know what a vast and safe control it has over common ailments, thus permitting life to run its appointed, natural course, without being cut short by the suicidal hands of the common system of medicine. Admitting then, as we all do, that Morison has been the honoured instrument of saving thousands of lives, without perilling any, who, in this country of great inventions, and saving institutions, could more deserve a monument to perpetuate the memory of his deeds and discoveries?

Well, Morison, after being ripe with years, wonderfully extended by his own medicine, gave practical testimony to the truth of his own system on his bed of death; and though now silent among the honoured dead, yet his system lives a blessing to the world at large. His sons possess the spirit, the principles, and the convictions of their departed Sire. They following his footsteps, maintain unflinchingly the Hygeian doctrines, and the British College of Health established by him. They maintain them, as the most of us well know, from incomparably higher motives than the mere love of gain. How often have they fought the battle of right against vindictive medical opposition at enormous expence! How perseveringly have they clung to the noble, the good, and the true cause! How indefatigable in their exertions, to enlighten the public mind by publications without number; and to diffuse a knowledge of sound physiological principles irrespective of the sale of their medicine! How unceasingly have they exposed the system of medical poisoning; and made their warning voice reach, by their publications, to the very ends of the earth! How honestly, and how honourably, have they conducted the whole medical business of the College! Who has ever been able to convict them of fraud, or deceit, in all their public efforts and statements in reference to the practical operations of the Hygeian system of medicine? To encourage such noble and invaluable

efforts, made by the sons of the great departed dead, involving as they do, the good of the world—efforts made against the most powerful and extensive opposition, and against surrounding ignorance and prejudice in every disagreeable shape and form—I appeal but to the common sense of you all, if the erection of a monument, even in reference only to them and the cause they now uphold, be not worthy of our most ardent support. It is a most happy idea, to have the monument erected in front of the College, in the centre of the ornamental ground attached to the establishment. The effect will be most imposing and commanding. Fronting, and close to the great London thoroughfare, the New Road, it will daily command the attention of thousands from all parts of the world who throng that road; and lead to enquiries as to whom it represents, by whom it was erected, the cause it commemorates, and the nature of the principles connected with the name of Morison.

The monumental erection will thus become a most important, influential, and extensive teacher. It will be the first grand exhibition in Britain of a monument erected to a great, independent Medical Reformer. It will give telling evidence of mental expansion, elevation, and freedom of thought on the part of thousands in these countries, who have adopted the principles and the practice of Morison. It will prove they are honest in their convictions, for otherwise no such erection could ever have taken place. It will be a standing reproof to doctors, of the inefficiency, danger, and falsities of the greater part of their system. It will confer respect, dignity, and honour on the Hygeian cause; and be a ground of encouragement, and honourable pride to its followers. It will demonstrate that Hygeianism is an established fact in Great Britain; and on all these accounts, it will indeed be a noble triumph, to see a monument erected to the memory of a world's benefactor; and to the consecration of principles that have saved, and will yet continue to save countless, numbers of lives; control and subdue pain and suffering to a boundless extent; and restore to health, in the future as in the past, inconceivable multitudes who would otherwise have become the victims of disease, and of destructive treatment.

JOHN FRASER,  
71, Prince's Street, Edinburgh,  
Hygeian General Agent for Scotland

## THE MORISONIAN SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.

1. The vital principle is in the blood.
2. Everything in the body is derived from the blood.
3. All constitutions are radically the same.
4. All diseases arise from impurity of the blood.
5. Pain and disease have the same origin.
6. From the intimate connection subsisting between mind and body, the health of the one must conduce to the serenity of the other.

7. Proper vegetable purgation is the only medicinal mode for effectually eradicating disease.
8. The discovery of a vegetable medicine was a desideratum.
9. This discovery was made by James Morison, the Hygeist, who also proclaimed "the medical liberty of the subject."

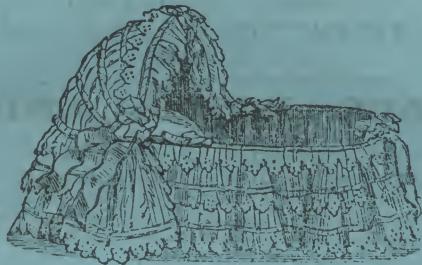
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